HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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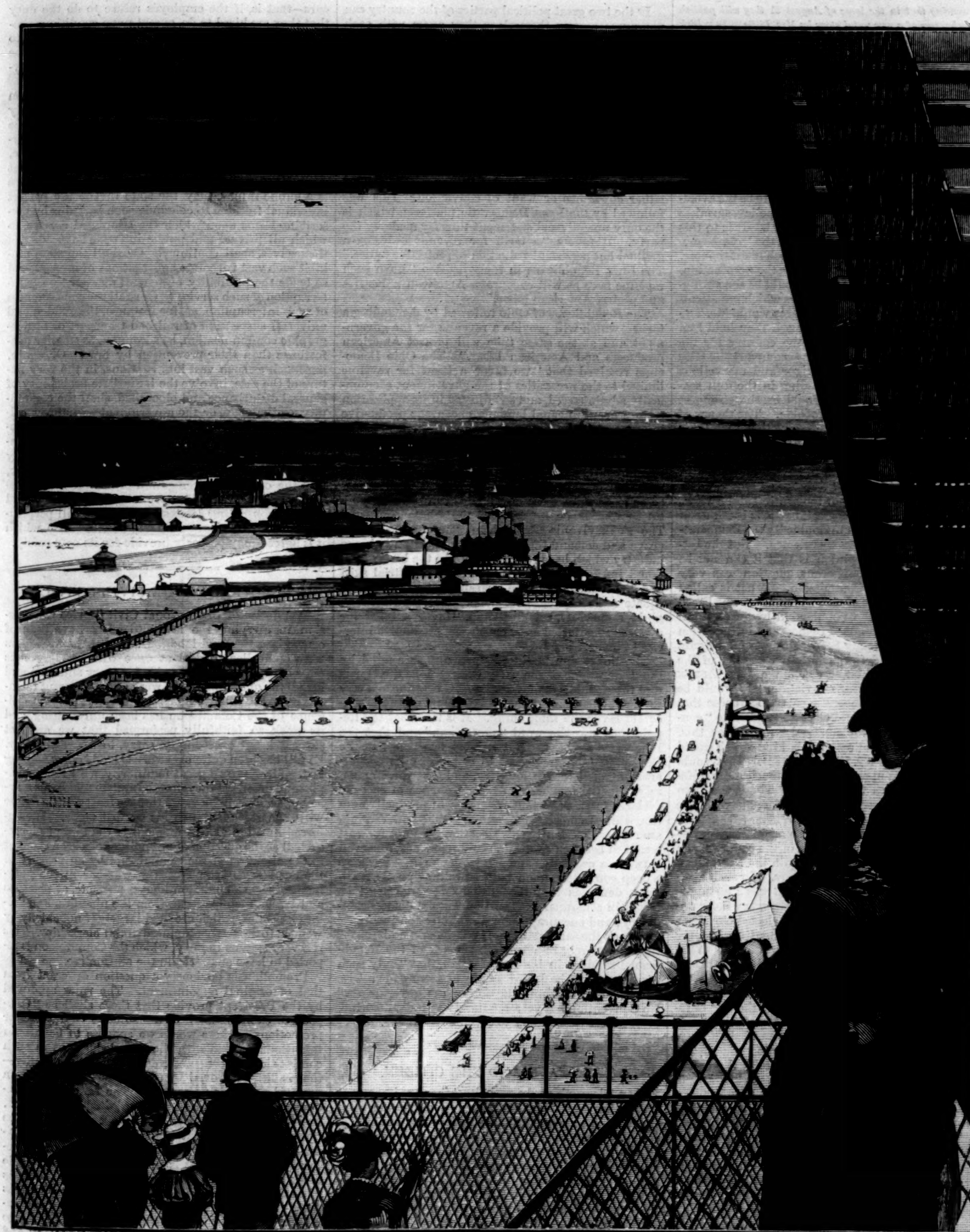
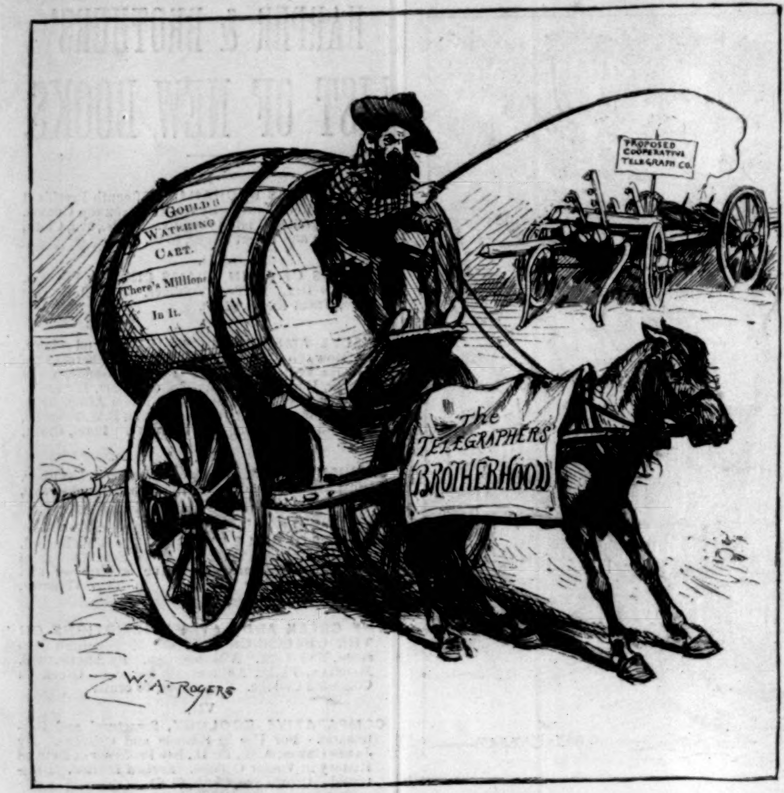


ON CONEY ISLAND—VIEW FROM THE OBSERVATORY, LOOKING EAST.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 506.]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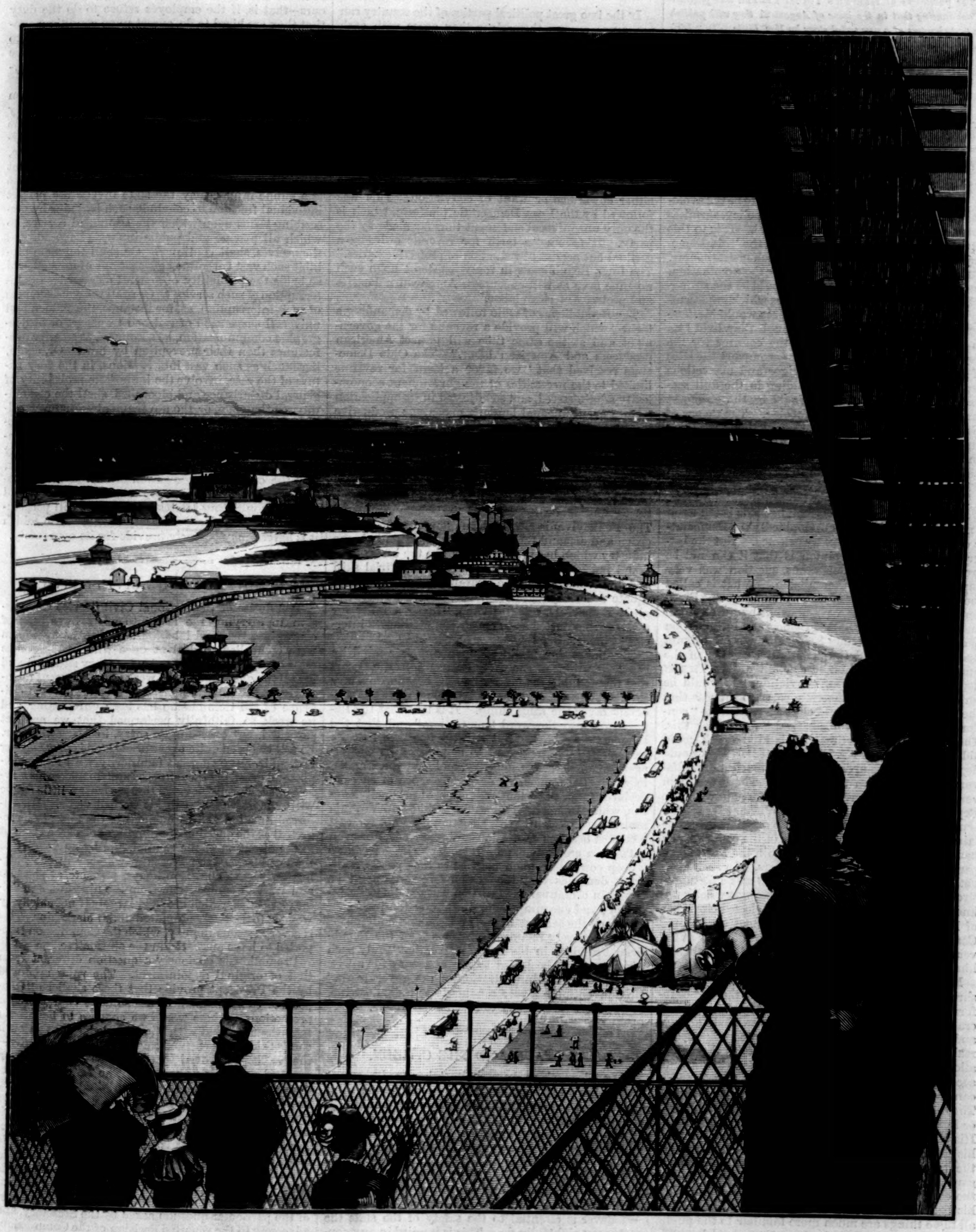

ON CONEY ISLAND—VIEW FROM THE OBSERVATORY, LOOKING EAST.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 506.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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"THE OLD TICKET."

In the purely speculative season of politics, like the present, when the chief object seems to be the avoidance of discussion of real questions of policy, surmises about probable candidates are natural. It is to this situation that we owe the talk about the "old Democratic ticket." There are papers which insist that Mr. Tilden is craftily scheming to secure the nomination, and others which declare that he would be the strongest candidate. There are still others which impatiently assert that under no circumstances would Mr. Tilden accept the nomination, although they hold him to be by far the fittest man in the country for the Presidency. These asseverations accompany the tales of his extraordinary physical vigor and marvellous health, and supply amusing reading in the dull season. But that Mr. Tilden would be the strongest candidate for his party is improbable. The theory of his strength springs from the conviction that he is supposed to have been elected in 1876, that he was unjustly deprived of the office, and that the country will prove that it thinks him to have been elected in 1876 by electing him in 1884..

This is not only altogether too sentimental a view, even if its premises were correct, but it is based upon a misapprehension. It is undoubtedly the Democratic opinion that Mr. Tilden was elected. But the better and more general opinion is that it can not be proved, and that the dangerous question was very happily settled by the Commission. What is called the popular majority is of no importance. The President is not elected by a popular but by an electoral majority, and the undoubted Democratic intimidation and false count in many States threw a fatal doubt upon the result, and the persistent assertion of the unquestionable and honest election of Mr. Tilden does not make a general conviction. It would be unfortunate for the Democratic party to suppose that the American people would elect a President to "condone" such a very problematical "wrong" as this. There is really no feeling of this kind which could aid the candidacy of Mr. Tilden in 1884. That would depend for success upon a situation much more unfavorable to him than that of 1876. There was then very great impatience and dissatisfaction with the Republican administration. The Whiskey Ring prosecutions, the Belknap trouble, the ascendency of certain distrusted leaders, were some of the causes which had produced great discontent within the Republican party and among independent voters. In such a situation the nomination of Mr. Tilden was a fortunate stroke for the Democratic party. He was wholly unknown to the country until he was elected Governor of New York, and began his movement against the Canal Ring. This stamped him as a reformer at the very time that reform was especially desired, and made him seem to be the man for the hour.

Mr. Tilden is an experienced politician, and he shrewdly held the campaign strictly to the line of reform. The acceptance by Mr. Adams of the Democratic nomination in Massachusetts swelled the cry, and favored the assertion that Democratic success really meant a kind of independent political regeneration. The circumstances were turned skillfully to account. It was a clever game, but it failed; and it can not be played again under changed circumstances. The campaign of 1876 placed Mr. Tilden in some other lights before the country than that of a reformer. His strong Copperhead sympathies during the war; his silence under the Tweed ascendency in his party; the general impression of a want of patriotism in regard to his income tax; his personal management of the campaign, and the disclosure of the character of his agents in the business of the cipher dispatches—all these things are much more familiar to the public mind than any claim of reform that could be made for him; and in the absence of any personal enthusiasm for him, and with the changed public sentiment in regard to the Republican party, and the absolute public incredulity of Democratic reform, these would be most serious obstructions in his canvass. No close observer can doubt that as a Presidential candidate in 1884 Mr. Tilden was very seriously damaged by the campaign of 1876. If he could be presented to the country next year with the same freshness and with the same ignorance of him in the public mind as in '76, his chances would be more promising. But those friends who really think him to be a great man and a wise statesman, and who are personally attached to him, prove their friendship by repelling the proposition of his candidacy next year.

HARMONIOUS PARTIES.

If the two great political parties of the country can not agree among themselves, they agree with each other upon a very important question. The Virginia and Pennsylvania Democratic Conventions show distinctly the probable attitude of the party upon the tariff next year. There can be no issue without a positive and plain difference of opinion, and upon a comparison of the declarations of the two parties as thus far made it is evident that the Democrats do not really challenge the Republican position. The Kentucky Democrats opened the campaign with a deliberate refusal to take positive free-trade ground, and made a wholly unmeaning declaration which showed either cowardice or want of conviction. This was followed by the Iowa Democratic platform, which is the only unequivocal statement thus far made by the party. It favors "a tariff for revenue only, by a gradual but persistent reduction of protective duties." The Iowa Republicans in reply insisted "upon such revenue laws as will encourage American industries and protect American labor."

The Republicans of Ohio followed by demanding a tariff "which will provide a revenue for the government, and at the same time will protect American producers and American labor." The Ohio Democrats resolved that "we favor a tariff for revenue limited to the necessities of the government economically administered, and so adjusted in its application as to prevent unequal burdens, encourage productive interests at home, and afford compensation to labor, but not to create or foster monopolies." The Minnesota Republicans declared for "a system of duties upon imports so applied as to provide revenue for the necessary expenses of the government, and so adjusted as to encourage the development of the manufacturing and labor interests of the whole country." The Pennsylvania Republicans "unqualifiedly approve and demand that system of protection to home industry which has proved itself to be the basis of national independence, the incentive to industrial skill and development, and the guarantee of a just and adequate scale of wages for labor," etc.; and the Virginia Democrats, echoing Ohio, "favor a tariff for revenue so adjusted as to encourage productive interests at home."

The impression produced upon any fair mind by the declarations of the party Conventions thus far is that the Republicans favor raising a revenue in a way that will encourage domestic labor, and that the Democrats favor the same thing. It is true that the Republicans use the word "protection," and that the Democrats avoid it. But it is no less true that the Democrats take great care to emphasize the encouragement of domestic industry, and that Iowa alone, in which the Democrats have no chance of success, declares for a persistent reduction of productive duties, while Democratic Kentucky, Ohio, and Virginia are silent. Certainly this situation does not forecast a contest between protection and free trade, nor even between a protective and a revenue tariff. It shows a deep conviction upon both sides that public sentiment demands that the customs revenue shall be raised in a manner that will encourage domestic industry; and encouragement and protection in a tariff are much the same thing. The Democratic platforms thus far merely re-affirm the remark of the Republican President in his last Message, that "only such taxes ought to be levied as are necessary for a wise and economical administration of the government." No Convention has yet announced a sounder doctrine, or one more satisfactory to revenue reformers.

THE STATE AND THE CITIZEN.

The telegraph strike was altogether too important not to have excited a great deal of discussion upon the old and constantly more pressing question of capital and labor, as well as of the other grave question of the power of the state to regulate such troubles. The charge of Communism in reply to every suggestion of state control is an easy and compendious resource. But there is in the nature of government a power which, although essential to the just objects of government, may be readily defined as Communistic. Whatever is essential to the safety of the state the state may rightfully do. This is implied in any constitution, however free and however carefully guarded. But practically in a free country it is the majority of voters which decides what the safety of the state requires, and it is the function of intelligent and wise citizens to impress upon the majority the principles which should determine their action. But even such citizens will not deny that the state may properly subordinate the individual to the community.

What is called the right of eminent domain, the regulation of the sale of gunpowder and of intoxicating liquor, the support of common schools, the whole system of taxation, is an infringement of individual liberty by the power of the majority. The theory is that such exercise of authority is indispensable to the existence of organized society. The illustrations are innumerable, and the question always is, How far and under what inflexible restrictions shall this power be used? When the government is itself an employer, as in the case of an army and a navy, if a strike occurs—that is, if the employés refuse to do the duty that they are hired to do, except upon conditions proposed by themselves—the employer at once resorts to force. How far may the government interfere in the case of the employés of a corporation which the government itself charters and regulates?

It is agreed that free and honest bargains between man and man can be touched by government only when an attempt is made by one man to deprive the other of the stipulated service. But when the bargain is one seriously involving the public welfare, and is made by such large bodies of individuals that a combined and concerted interruption of the service is a public injury, may the state invade the perfect individual freedom to conclude such bargains by prescribing terms upon which the stipulated service, to which all private and public interests have adapted themselves, shall continue? Or shall the state prohibit such vast corporate aggregations of interest, and so baffle the possibility of general disaster by the interruption of such service? Or shall the consequences of such interruption, as, for instance, the sudden and universal suspension of railroad transport or of telegraphic communication, be accounted as smaller misfortunes than their prevention by law? Or, again, inasmuch as such vast interruptions, in the very nature of the case, involve the immediate probability of general disturbance and bloodshed, shall the community, or the state, or the government—whatever collective name may be preferred—wait until the violence begins? However such questions may be answered, and whatever the community may finally decide to do, there is no doubt, as we said last week, that the organized aggregation of capital will necessarily produce a similar organization of labor, and that the conflicting interests of the two will perpetually threaten the peace and welfare of the state, which it is agreed may properly provide for its own safety.

PROMOTION IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.

The duties of the National Civil Service Commission in carrying the law into effect have been of course immense and laborious. The Commissioners were compelled to deal at once with an enormous mass of details, and to provide for every situation and for all the questions which were sure to present themselves at the initiation of such a reform. The diligence of the Commission has been unremitting, and its work so faithfully performed that we are not surprised, but exceedingly sorry, to learn that Mr. Eaton has been quite overworked, and is now seeking rest. Mr. Eaton's great familiarity with the principles and details of the reformed system makes his services of such peculiar value that we trust a little repose will soon restore him to his wonted vigor. His enforced inaction at this moment is the more to be regretted as the question of promotions has been brought to the attention of the Commission by an inquiry of the Secretary of the Treasury whether in the judgment of the Commission he can promote, at pleasure and without competition, from the nine-hundred-dollar clerkships, which are held largely if not chiefly by women, to the twelve-hundred-dollar clerkships. This is a very serious inquiry, which the Commission is reported to have answered in the affirmative.

Promotion is obviously a question different from that of original appointment. The rules approved by the President provide that there shall be "competitive examinations" of a "suitable character" for promotions. These words we suppose to have been intentionally used with the knowledge that in such competition seniority and efficiency and adaptability—that is, fitness proved by experience—should have a great, if not decisive, weight. The fundamental requirement in promotion, as in original appointment, however, is that all candidates shall stand upon the same footing, and that none shall have any illegitimate advantage. The spirit of the law, as of the reform, is fair play. It is in that spirit that the rule must be interpreted which provides that, until rules upon the general subject are promulgated, promotions may be made at pleasure in offices where examinations are not now held. This seems to us to dispose of the particular question asked by the Secretary, and adversely to the reported decision of the Commission. As examinations are now held in offices where clerks are employed at twelve hundred dollars salary, we do not see how promotions can be made into such offices at pleasure. In other words, the transfer of a nine-hundred-dollar clerk to a twelve-hundred-dollar desk, in an office where competition is already established, does not fall under the provisional exemption.

As the rules are not retroactive, promotions must be made from all employés in the lower grades of the service, however they may have been appointed. But equality of opportunity must be steadily observed. Promotions ought not to be made at pleasure from a non-competitive to a competitive grade. The practical operation of the reported decision will be that the Secretary in the case proposed will select for promotion from two classes—clerks already appointed by favor and with strong political support, and outside applicants who have succeeded in the competition. This is not equality, and it is in plain contravention of the spirit and intent of the reform bill. The Commission will undoubtedly soon reach a conclusion upon the whole subject, and it will undoubtedly see that promotion must be made in one of three ways—by selection at pleasure exclusively from those in the service, however appointed; by equal competition among employés; or by equal competition between employés and outside applicants.

THE CATASTROPHE ON THE ISLAND OF ISCHIA.

The catastrophe at Casamicciola, on the island of Ischia, near Naples, appeals to universal sympathy, and it will be recorded as among the shocking events of history. The details of the sudden blow are terrible, and the event is the more appalling because it is of a kind against which no foresight could provide, and which gives no premonition of its approach. Italy is not one of the "earthquake countries," but this tragical disaster will invest it all with a vague apprehension. Ischia will be, of course, avoided by travellers, and the destruction of Casamicciola will practically ruin the island. It is noted mainly for its mineral springs and for the cultivation of grapes, and its bold and beautiful outline will be remembered by every traveller who recalls the bay of Naples. The explanation offered that the cause of the destruction was not an earthquake, but the subsidence of the earth, will not alleviate the feeling of horror and pain with which the story is read. The causes of such a subsidence are as occult as those of an earthquake, and its approach must be as impossible to foretell.

It is evident that Italy is deeply stirred by the catastrophe, and that its generosity in relief will be taxed to the utmost. All civilized countries will share the feeling, as at the time of the terrible earthquake at Lisbon, and the general sympathy will doubtless take a tangible form. It is at such times that man's humanity to man makes countless thousands prouder of their common human nature.

THE CHOLERA.

The London *Spectator* wonders at the calm way in which civilized England read the first accounts of the cholera from Egypt, and of the cordons drawn around the doomed cities. It describes the condition of those cities, before the plague appeared, as loathsome beyond belief, mere heaps of filth and putrefaction, which necessarily bred the most deadly forms of pestilence; and, when the pestilence appeared, the cities were shut up to themselves, without food, medicine, doctors, pure water or air, or help of any kind, and left to fester in their own corruption—a situation to "drive English philanthropists frantic with indignation."

The *Spectator* says that the pestilence may be cholera, which was originally born in Lord Hastings's camp under precisely such conditions, but that it is more probably choleraic fever, a frightful disease, as deadly as the plague, but which requires conditions, and does not move mercilessly around the globe, defying analysis and explanation. The writer ascribes much of its present ravage to the clashing of two civilizations, the Oriental and the Western. If either were supreme in Egypt the fate of the victims would be more tolerable. The Oriental, if left entirely alone, would bow his head to fate and die, but not unattended nor unconsoled, as in a cordoned city. If he were taken care of exclusively by Western civilization he would have all the succor that hygienic science can afford. But when the two conflict, science isolates him, indeed, but only to perish more miserably.

It is agreeable to see that our own authorities are promptly moving to take proper precautions. The Secretary of the Treasury has issued orders to prevent the entry from any suspected port of rags, which so often transmit deadly disease. There is no occasion whatever for any panic or serious apprehension, and the temperance and care which the fact of the frightful pest in Egypt will naturally produce will be among the most excellent preventives.

HONEST ALLAN CAMPBELL.

The resignation of Mr. Allan Campbell, Comptroller of the city of New York, did not surprise the community, although it was sincerely regretted. Complete physical prostration at a time when the duties of his office were greatly increased, and the situation demanded the utmost vigor and complete command of all his resources, was an adequate reason for his decision. One of the most incorruptible and independent of public officers, he found himself confronted with revelations of dishonesty in his office, which, of course, somewhat involved his official responsibility, but which, equally of course, were universally felt not to affect his personal character. He had performed his own peculiar duties with such economical care for the taxpayers and with such rigid fidelity that he may well be remembered as honest Allan Campbell.

Among the important duties which recent legislation had devolved upon his office was that of membership of the Aqueduct Commission. The contest over the appointment of that body turned upon its patronage. A great sum of money was to be expended for a great public work. The professional and trading politicians naturally resolved to make it a huge job. The tax-payers and decent citizens desired that it should be accomplished economically and effectively. The result was the appointment of a board apparently divided between the two interests. Comptroller Campbell, who was made officially a member, was a sure reliance of the friends of honest dealing. His resignation, although depriving the city of his vigilant and honorable service, left the Mayor free to appoint his successor without the jobbing interference of the Aldermen. The gentleman whom he has selected for the place has borne a high character for ability and integrity in the responsible positions he has filled.

The nomination of Mr. Campbell as Mayor last year by citizens of all parties who felt that municipal government is not properly political, was a signal tribute to his independence and public spirit as well as administrative ability. The combination of political factions against him was, however, too strong, and Mr. Campbell was defeated. But the result did not impair the value or weight of the honor of selection. He was the fitting candidate of an honest movement for better local government, and Mr. Campbell retires from public life with the hearty regard and sympathy of the community which he has served so long and so faithfully.

PERSONAL.

A New York physician is fond of speaking to his friends of what he calls "the beneficence of ill health." Invalids, he says, do more brain-work than well persons. To the latter the mere pleasure of existence is a diversion, but the former find it easy to concentrate their attention upon the work in hand, and not being able to find pleasure anywhere else, look for it there.

—There is at least one dramatic critic connected with the daily press of New York city who preserves his independence by declining to accept free tickets to the theatres. He buys tickets when desiring to see a play. Moreover, he has no social relations with actors, actresses, or managers, neither seeking acquaintance with them personally nor allowing himself to be brought into their society. When he writes criticisms in a public journal he wishes to feel absolutely free to say what he believes to be the truth.

—Miss Mary Alice Perry, who died a short time ago, in her twenty-ninth year, was a bright young writer, whose first novel, *Esther Pennefather*, was published by the Harpers. Some poems of hers, submitted by a friend to the late William Cullen Bryant—and nobody ignorant of Mr. Bryant's daily walk and conversation knows how many were the poems submitted to his critical attention—elicited the response, "Tell her by all means to cultivate her talent for poetry, but tell her also there is no money in poetry; she must do other literary work too." Miss Perry was a student of political science, of botany, and of painting. Her early death was most deplored by those who best surmised the fine possibilities of her genius.

—An artist who saw Farragut daily while Mr. Page was painting his portrait says that the great Admiral, though smaller than the average of his countrymen, appeared neither short nor tall, for the reason that he was proportioned ideally in the Greek sense, the length of the head being one-eighth that of the whole body. "Farragut's manner," he observes, "was that of a simple sailor, and his recital of his greatest exploits as easy, natural, and low-voiced as if concerned with matters the most uneventful."

—A New York sculptor has received a commission to execute a forty-thousand-dollar statue. "How much money ought he to make out of the job?" was asked of a brother sculptor. "If he possesses the slightest amount of business capacity," was the reply, "he ought to clear twenty thousand dollars above all expenses."

—The London correspondent of a leading New York journal writes that the critical verdict on Miss Lillian Russell's first appearance in that city was, "Can not sing—not remarkable either in respect of voice or training." Referring to our London files, we find something different. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "Miss Lillian Russell is the possessor of a voice excellent in quality and fair in power. Her acting was the chief attraction, and she enjoyed something like a monopoly of encores." The *Daily News* says: "Her voice is of excellent quality and of considerable volume and power, though apparently somewhat limited in compass. She never sings out of tune, and is guiltless of those faults of exaggeration and overemphasis with which some of her countrymen have been justly charged. It is certain that it is long since a more promising *débutante* has been welcomed to our stage." The *Times* says: "She has a good voice." The *Standard* says: "Miss Lillian Russell has a remarkably pleasant voice, and sings very prettily. The young lady acts vivaciously." It would be impossible to quote four authorities that represent better the critical opinion of London.

—The story, extensively circulated in the newspapers, that M. Alexandre Dumas, who prides himself on his knowledge of pictures, has been deceived about the paternity of a "superb Corôt" which he had bought of an art dealer, but which turns out to be the work of an obscure Parisian, reminds us that Mr. Winslow Homer once painted a very respectable "Corôt," and kept it in his studio (he said) to be submitted to the admiring gaze—as he expected—of a well-known art critic who sometimes favored him with a call, and who was notorious for "bulling" the Corôt market.

—To hear the lessons in the Book of Common Prayer read in the sonorous voice of the Prime Minister of England has long been an attraction at Hawarden church, and when Mr. Gladstone is to be present the building is full of "occasional worshippers." The Premier's son, who is rector of the church, must feel sad, says an English editor, when he reflects upon the difference in the size of the congregation when his father is there and when he is not. "In short, the mobbing of the Premier at church is palpably disgraceful; and this is seen most clearly by people who do not live within measurable distance of Hawarden."

—A few months before his death Lord Beaconsfield said to Lord Ronald Gower: "Life is an *ennui*, or an anxiety. For the self-made man life is full of troubles and anxieties from fear of losing the position or wealth he has obtained; for those born with these advantages there is nothing to strive for, and life then becomes a mere bore, an *ennui*, and a burden." The loss of his own position as Premier was too much to be borne with equanimity. "I have failed," he said; "and were Bismarck [whom he admired] to come to England, I should not ask to see him, and he would not now care to see me."

—The late Dante Gabriel Rossetti expressed peculiar views concerning some modern novelists. Thackeray he could hardly bear the name of; George Eliot was vulgarity personified; Balzac was melodramatic in plot, conceited, wishy-washy, and dull. The one great and supreme man, the sole descendant of Shakspeare, was Alexandre Dumas.

—"Every actor" (says Mr. Henry Irving) "has his secret. He might write volumes of explanation, and the matter would still remain a paradox to many. It is often said that actors should not shed tears; that tears are bad art. This is not so. If tears be produced at the actor's will and under his control, they are true art, and happy is the actor who numbers them among his gifts." Mr. Irving disputes Diderot's principle that the actor must not feel the part he is acting, "sensibility" being a disturbing influence.

—Henry Goodwin is the name of a parish beadle in London who was arrested for abusing Emma Mills, a pew-opener, while she was getting ready for service. He called her bad names, struck her, and said, "I will do for you; I have bought a six-chambered revolver, and I mean to do for you." "In fact," said Emma to the judge, "he is a brute, sir." When asked if she had complained to the persons who employed her in the church," she replied in the negative: "It would be no use doing that, as he was the beadle." In the court of justice, however, his beadleship was less imposing. The judge, after informing him that it was "disgraceful in the extreme to find a person holding the position of a church beadle quarrelling in the sacred edifice," sentenced him to imprisonment for two months with hard labor. Charles Dickens would have been interested in this case.

—To drinkers of claret: Mr. Sandwith, British Consul in Crete, reports that though the wine produced in that island last year was very much less than usual, the quantity exported to France, "notoriously for the purpose of being manipulated and re-exported under the name of claret," is considerably in excess of that in the previous year. The price received for this wine of Crete was only seventeen and a half cents a gallon.

—The London *Academy* on Mrs. Constance Fenimore Woolson's *Anne:* "We venture to say that *Anne* is one of the most remarkable works of fiction that have appeared for many years. It is remarkable for its own sake—for animation of plot and variety of character; and it is remarkable as holding a place midway between the old American novel of incident and the modern American novel of analysis. . . .If the author can keep up to the high standard reached in this work, a great future is before her."

—A lady's-maid, on a voyage from Copenhagen to London, died of seasickness. She began to suffer greatly the day after the vessel sailed, and was found dead as the shore came in sight.

—Mr. George Macdonald, the novelist, his wife, and seven of their children gave a representation of the "Christian tragedy" of *Polyeuctus the Martyr* in Steinway Hall, London, on the 7th of July. The performance seems to have been rather slow, although the five acts had been carefully "translated and adapted from Corneille," and the hall was filled with an audience consisting mostly of ladies. The local critics suggest that "a little more vigor and variety" on the part of some of the performers might have neutralized some of the effects wrought by the hot weather; that many passages, doubtless intended to be impressive, would have been more striking if not spoken in a changeless monotone—"frequently whole speeches were delivered without a change of attitude, without a change of voice, without even a gesture"; and that perhaps, after all, the piece was intended to be a moral lesson rather than a dramatic entertainment. Mr. Macdonald and his family are announced to do *Macbeth*, also, in similar style.

—The granting of a pension of $1250 a year to Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, who has recently been studying the local dialects of Cumberland, Yorkshire, and the Scottish Lowlands, does not give general satisfaction. "With all respect to the fallen fortunes of his dynasty," says the leading organ of the Liberal party, "we are unable to recognize that either his services, his talents, or his misfortunes designate him as proper to" receive a larger pension than was granted either to Leigh Hunt or Sir William Hamilton. "If for purely personal reasons, into which it is not our duty to inquire, Prince Lucien Bonaparte was regarded as a fitting object of royal bounty or beneficence, the Victoria List, which is wholly under the control of the reigning sovereign, would have been the proper place for his Highness's name to appear."

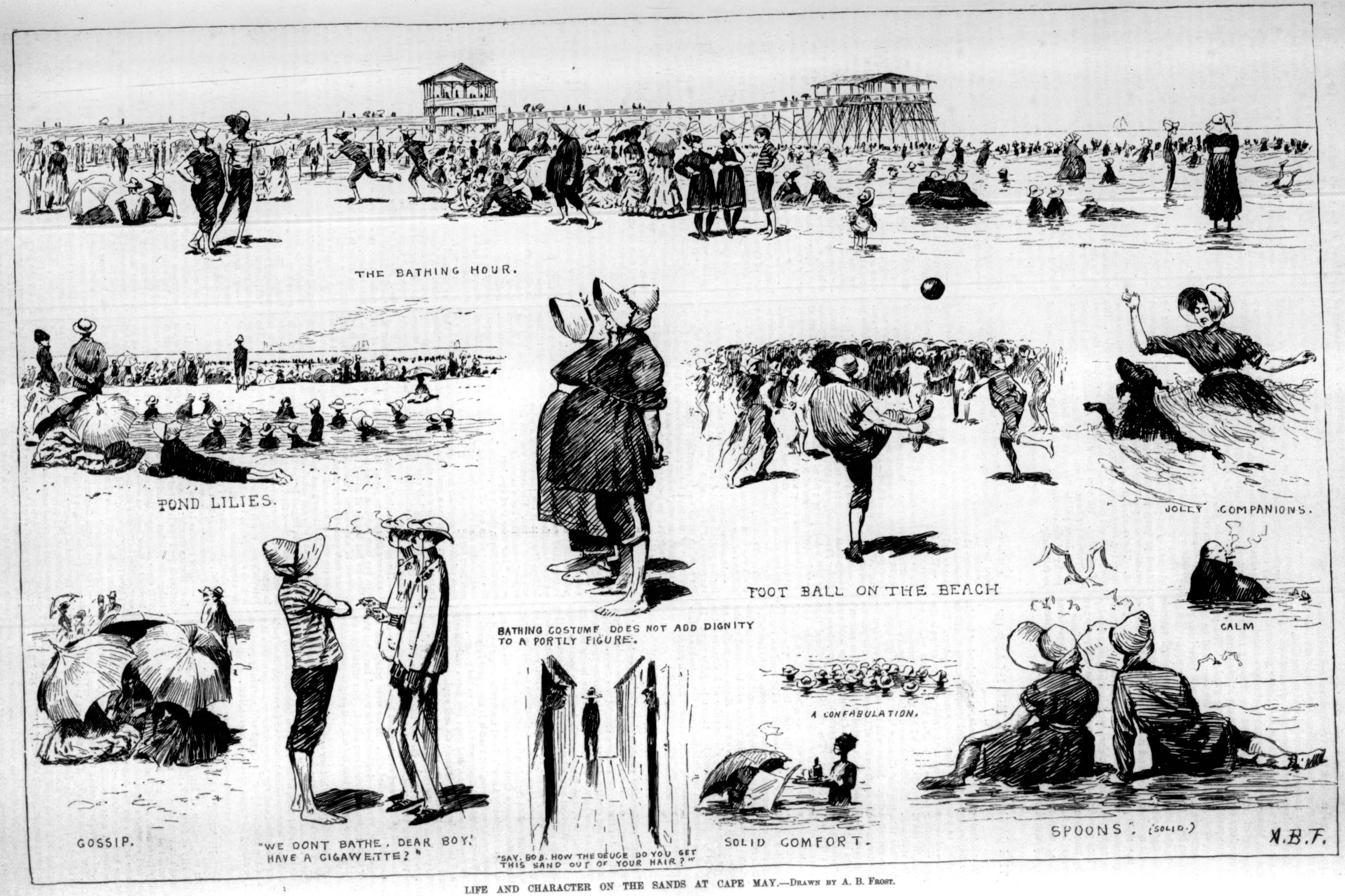
—A New York woman declares that she never wishes so much to be a man as when she is standing on the pavement trying to stop a horse-car.

—A distinguished New York artist was speaking of an acquaintance who has won some reputation in the world of letters. "It is strange," he observed to a companion, "how smart that fellow is; why, I have known his father for forty years, and he is as stupid as they make them." "Well," mused the other, "it's not so very odd, after all: there's *your* son, now; *he* is bright."

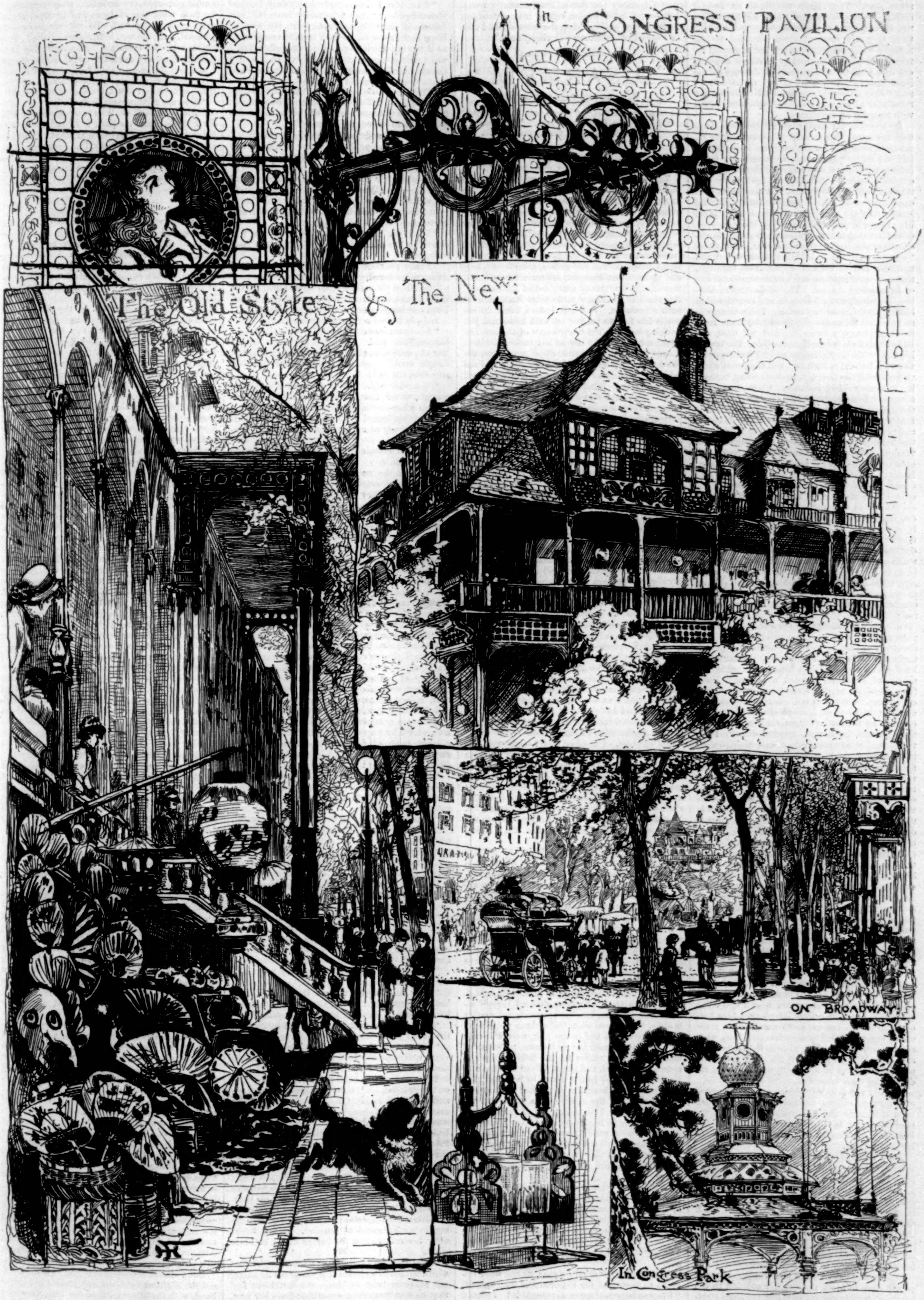
—The German Postmaster-General, Dr. Stephan, is said to be a great humorist, and a foreign paper prints the following anecdote in which he plays a prominent part: His Excellency, who is an ardent Nimrod, had taken train for Königsberg to enjoy a few days' deer-stalking. On arriving at Dirschau, a town near his destination, he stepped into the station telegraph office to wire his safety to his wife at Berlin. The official recognized his chief at once, and with all obsequiousness began to write down his message. Suddenly the Morse instrument, used for service telegrams only, began to work, and very shortly his Excellency pricked up his ears, for he distinguished the particular clicks that represent his own name. A glance at the clerk's face, now deadly pale, induced him to inquire further into the purport of this state telegram, and when the clicking had ceased, he took up the paper ribbon, and read as follows: "Look out for squalls. Stephan is somewhere on the line. He will be poking his nose everywhere." The Postmaster-General smiled sardonically, and then went to the instrument and flashed back this reply: "Too late. He has already poked his nose in here. Stephan."

—A writer in London *Life* says: "I vouch for the truth of the following story, which shows us the ingenuity with which the Parisian cabman tries to extract coin of the realm from the guileless foreigner in his clutches. A young and lovely American girl hired one of these Gallic Jehus to drive her from her hotel to the Grands Magazins du Louvre. Arrived, she tendered him his fare—one franc fifty centimes, upon which the coachman demanded three francs. The young lady, *qui connaissait son Paris*, refused to pay the larger amount, and told her driver that it was his legal fare. "Ah, but if one has the responsibility of driving a young lady alone, the fare is double!"

—Mr. Browning is the hero of a pretty story which is far more interesting to read than any of the transactions of the Browning Society. The other day, at a garden party at which the poet was present, a young lady, who did not know the author of *The Ring and the Book* by sight, mistook Mr. Browning for a friend of her family with whom she was slightly acquainted, and under that impression went up and spoke to him. Mr. Browning, who did not know the young lady, saw that she was acting under a mistake, and good-naturedly suggested that she mistook him for some one else. "Oh no!" said the young lady. "You are Mr. ——, are you not?" Mr. Browning pleasantly denied being the gentleman in question, and the young lady, with many apologies, was on the point of retiring, when Mr. Browning added that he would tell her who he really was if he did not fear to alarm her. On the young lady's assurance that she would not be alarmed, the poet, with great gravity, said, "I am Mr. Bradlaugh." The young lady smiled and shook her head. "I have seen portraits of Mr. Bradlaugh," she said, "and I am sure you are not he." The poet then produced a card, wrote a few lines of verse on it, and gave it to the young lady on condition that she was not to look at it until she got home. Judge of her delight on finding that the genial unknown was the distinguished poet, and that he had enriched his visiting-card with a pleasant little epigram in which his own name was made to rhyme with the word "frowning," ingeniously introduced.


THE BATHING HOUR.
POND LILIES.
FOOT BALL ON THE BEACH
JOLLY COMPANIONS.
CALM
BATHING COSTUME DOES NOT ADD DIGNITY TO A PORTLY FIGURE.
A CONFABULATION.
GOSSIP.
"WE DONT BATHE, DEAR BOY! HAVE A CIGAWETTE?"
"SAY, BOB, HOW THE DEUCE DO YOU GET THIS SAND OUT OF YOUR HAIR?"
SOLID COMFORT.
SPOONS". (SOLID.)
A.B.F.

LIFE AND CHARACTER ON THE SANDS AT CAPE MAY.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.


The Congress Pavilion
The Old Style
& The New
On Broadway
In Congress Park

SARATOGA SKETCHES.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 502.]

SARATOGA SURROUNDINGS.

Outside of the invalids who go to Saratoga for the express purpose of drinking its mineral waters, and the sporting men and women to whom its race track is its sole attraction, the majority of visitors become *ennuyé* after a very short stay. They have tasted of its several springs, exhibited themselves on the hotel piazzas, listened to the bands morning and evening until they are tired of them, attended several races in which they have taken but a languid interest, and joined the throngs of sitters and gazers who criticise the handful of dancers at the hotel hops. "Now what is left to be done?" and, "How are we to amuse ourselves during the remainder of the summer?" are questions heard with astonishing frequency.

He to whom the many pleasant homes of Saratoga are open, whose circle of acquaintances extends beyond the hotels, and who is invited to join the merry parties that are constantly being formed to visit one or another of the numberless charming resorts with which the Springs are surrounded, fails to comprehend how time spent here can hang heavily, or the place be voted dull. He knows that the peculiar attractions of its hotel life are apt to pall upon one when taken in overdoses, but they are very pleasant to return to after a brief absence amid other scenes. And these "other scenes" are so infinite in their variety and numbers, and so easy of access from Saratoga, that its central position amid them constitutes one of its chiefest charms. The St. Lawrence, Quebec, Montreal, and all Canada are almost within hailing distance on the north. Lake George is so near that its entire circuit may be made from Saratoga between breakfast and tea time, and Lake Champlain is equally accessible. The breezy heights of Mount McGregor and its many attractions are but ten miles away, and Burgoyne's battle-field, with the Green Mountains rising beyond, is within easy riding distance. On the west, with a railway from Saratoga into its very heart, lies the Adirondack wilderness, and Luzerne is but an hour's run by train. Nearer than any of these, and almost equally unknown to the habitué of the hotel piazzas, is Saratoga Lake, which most visitors only know from the glimpses they have obtained of it from the bank in front of Moore's. It may be easily reached by carriage or rail, and a certain knowledge of its beauties may be acquired from the deck of one of the little steamers that ply at frequent intervals between its several landings. But none of them can skirt closely its wooded shores, explore the innumerable little indentations of its coast, nor ascend the Kayerderossera, and follow its four miles of tortuous windings into Little Saratoga Lake, or Lake Lonely, as it is sometimes called. It is only by engaging a small boat and furnishing his own motive power that he who desires this more intimate acquaintance with these pleasant waterways can reach them.

Skirting the shore south from Moore's he will pass a number of picturesque cottages in and about which life is made a summer idyl. Of these the most notable is also the smallest and least pretentious. It is a little weather-beaten, unpainted structure, situated a few rods back from the lake, nestled amid towering elms, and containing but three rooms. It is surrounded by a rustic platform, or open piazza, and is nearly covered by masses of luxuriant vines. Of its three rooms the largest, opening directly from the piazza, is the main saloon and dining-room, in the back of which, opposite the entrance, stands an old-fashioned dresser displaying a brave array of china in many quaint designs. One of the rooms opening from this saloon is about the size of a ship's state-room, and, like it, is fitted with two berths, one above the other, and the other is the galley or kitchen. The interior arrangements of this tiny establishment closely resemble those of a yacht, its surrounding platform is called the deck, and its register for the names of visitors is the log. The owner and captain, a well-known Saratoga lawyer, boards his craft every Saturday evening, and cruises beneath his elm-trees until Monday morning. Each Sunday he entertains at a dinner prepared by his own hands a small number of guests, who are greatly honored by his invitations, which are much sought after by those who have heard of these novel dinner parties.

A mile further down the coast the Kayerderossera joins the lake. Above its crooked waters arching trees form an almost continuous shade, and its borders are fringed with beds of spotless water-lilies, behind which rise clusters of glowing cardinal-flowers and clumps of brown spear-like cat-tails. From its sedges long-legged blue herons, fluffy night herons, and occasionally a great snowy heron, startled by the advancing boat, wing their heavy flight. The wild-duck breeds here, and in hidden bays, among the dark green lily pads, she imparts to her downy ducklings the rudiments of their education.

The old red bridge by which an unfrequented country road crosses the quiet stream has long been a familiar and picturesque feature of the landscape, and in a preceding number of the Weekly our artist made it the subject of one of his illustrations.

Lake Lonely, which is four miles by way of the Kayerderossera from Saratoga Lake, though only about half a mile by land, is almost unknown to summer visitors to the Springs, though it is so near to them, so hidden from view is it by its environments of forest. It is, however, but a short walk from it to the main road leading from the village to the larger lake, and over this transportation back to the hotels may be easily obtained in one of the many public conveyances constantly passing to and from Moore's.

From these quiet waters and woodland haunts of shy aquatic birds the quick transition to the hotels, with their gay crowded life, is indeed startling, and the contrast offered is as vivid as can well be imagined. There nature's solitude almost unbroken; here the crash of orchestral music, the rush of wheels, the throngs of promenaders, and the glare of electricity.

With the opening of the races, several weeks ago, the season at Saratoga was fully inaugurated, and now its world-famed hotels and innumerable boarding-houses are the centres of that vast migratory population that annually transforms the quiet winter village into a bustling summer city, well meriting the often-applied title of "queen of American watering-places."

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery,"
"Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob,"
"The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XL.

The expected arrivals, however, did not take place that day, nor yet the next. When the morning of Stephana's fête dawned neither Christina nor Valerian had appeared. No wonder that a smile of dismay rose to Stephana's lips as she reviewed all she must do in one short day: receive a long-absent lover, bring about a difficult reconciliation between the mother and son, entertain a thousand and odd guests, preside at a long and ceremonious banquet, deliver a farewell discourse, and how many more duties lay to hand! But she was too happy to do more than smile at such a prospect. She had, indeed, never in her whole life felt so buoyed up with hope and joy. Looking back on the occurrences of the last few months, it seemed to her as if Heaven had been almost too kind, and some cloud must soon obscure this dazzling sky, or else the poets had not fabled who sang so movingly of man's allotted bliss on earth. What had she willed or even desired but was about to come to pass? One of the many darling schemes of years was already in part realized; for, happen what might, now at least she had rescued a thousand souls from a life, if not of despair, without looking forward. The fair world was about to smile upon a thousand more of her brothers and sisters, and one other spot in it transformed into a sphere of free manly struggle and endeavor. This achieved, how many other tasks she had to do!

Nor did it please Stephana less to contemplate the deed as part of Christina's doing, and the effect to-day's events might have upon her cousin's mind. Christina was to be brought face to face for the first time with the philanthropy that wears the shape of a conviction and a brotherhood. She had given alms all her lifetime; to-day she was to learn the meaning of poverty, and also of brotherly love. Would her mind be impressed? Stephana hardly knew.

There was, of course, another person uppermost in Stephana's mind that morning as she so beautifully arrayed herself for the matchless celebration. Valerian—how was it with him? Here she could but indulge in the brightest hopes also, for Valerian's service had of late not been of the lips only. He had shown her by the devotion of the past few months that he was willing to share her aspirations as well as her fortunes, and that to the best of his ability, if not as yet from the heart, he would further every one of her schemes for the amelioration of their fellows.

But devotion of another kind?—how was Stephana's mind affected at the notion that Valerian was come home, a happy lover, to claim the guerdon of his mistress's hand? She could here accord Valerian praise only. His letters, whilst breathing the most loyal devotion, were all that she could desire—reserved, dignified, respectful. The fact is, he had obeyed her injunctions to the letter, writing rather as a kinsman and a friend than a suitor.

Judging Valerian by his deeds and his written words only, therefore, Stephana felt more confident in him than she had ever been, and so kindlier toward him too. Yes, he would make an admirable steward of her fortunes, and a tower of strength, by virtue of his worldly wisdom and shrewdness, to a dreamer like herself. She should not regret the promise she had made him, although it must sever her from another friend dearer still. Every heart, indeed, was to be made happy but Markham's. This last thought was soon put away, for, after all, reasoned Stephana, my friendship shall do almost as much for him as love could do, had I love to give. With such thoughts as these, Stephana dressed herself almost like a bride, but for spiritual, not earthly bridals. This pure white robe, these white flowers on her bosom and in her hair, were worn for no love that claimed her as its own, no union of heart and heart, rather for the infinite love she bore all the world, and the marriage of hope and joy in a thousand hearts about to be celebrated that day. Most beautiful she looked when at last she came out of her chamber, "a spirit, and yet a woman too." To-day, in spite of that joyousness beaming in her eyes and playing about her lips, the spirit predominated over the woman. Hardly Stephana's self seemed there, rather some starry apparition that wore her likeness, destined to vanish with the rare occasion calling it into being.

If Stephana's brain was busy whilst she thus lingered in her tiring-chamber, what shall we say of the thousand and odd invited guests occupied at the same time in a similar manner? Christina, Valerian, Arthura, had their own thoughts, not to speak of the rest of Stephana's expected visitors. The day was to be an epoch in the lives of every one.

"Oh, Arthura," cried Steppie, as she went upstairs to dress first the children and then herself, "I feel so happy—I mean so miserable! I should be overjoyed to play the part of Hope in Stephana's allegory. But my heart is heavy as lead."

"You had better leave it at home, then, little mamma," Arthura said, her own heart now beating with wild hopes, now sinking within her. "We must be happy to-day, whether we will or no. It is our duty."

"I am sure I always try to do my duty," sighed poor Steppie. "And I certainly have felt less depressed since beginning to learn the part of Hope in the masque. I have even felt sometimes as if my low spirits were going altogether, and I was turning into a kind of Hope. Only to-day the old feeling comes back. I could sit down and cry. What if I should break down?"

"People never do break down," Arthura said, authoritatively. "You could not break down if you tried. The words will come of their own accord, as they do to actors on the stage."

"Well, actors do not break down, certainly," Steppie said, drying her eyes, for a tear or two had come. "And I suppose some are as nervous as myself."

"Everybody is nervous, of course," again urged Arthura—"the Queen when she reads her speech, the speakers in the House of Commons, the judge—but they say what they have to say, so really nervousness is of no consequence."

"Then you do not think that my tongue will cleave to the roof of my mouth?" asked poor Steppie.

"I have provided against such an emergency," Arthura answered, gayly, and forthwith produced a little silver pouncet-box full of pastilles. "We will all take one just before our speeches begin. Then our tongues can not cleave, you know."

Steppie looked somewhat consoled.

"But there is another dreadful thing that might happen," she said. "What if my wings fall off just at a critical moment, or my wreath gets awry? People would laugh, and I should feel ready to sink into the earth."

"We will make wings and wreaths secure enough, never fear," was Arthura's reply, "although when anything of the kind does occur, it is invariably looked upon as part of the performance. Nobody at a play ever laughs out of season."

"That is certainly balm in Gilead," Steppie made answer.

And then the wonderful business of dressing began—a business the children would never forget as long as they lived. To discard the gear of actual real life, and put on the semblance of cherubs! To wear golden coronals, and garments soft as samite silvery white, to have azure-tipped wings, and badges embroidered with stars—above all, to carry little lutes, on which they had been taught to thrum a joyous note or two—how superlative, how unforgetable, was all this! Arthura went into the minutest particulars of each dress, giving Baby's hair a more cherubic curl, Walter's sky-blue mantle freer folds, Benjamine's coronal of roses a more careless look. As to Steppie, when all was finished she declared that she did not know herself.

Arthura's own appearance mattered little, she said, since she was going to help Stephana generally, without taking any part in the pageant. In spite of remonstrance she put on no white gown, but something that suited her far better, that, indeed, transformed the mere handsome girl into a majestic woman. It was a black gown, yet a summer gown, being light as gossamer, whilst by way of adornment she wore magnificent roses of deepest, richest red. Of the same color was the fan in her hand and the silk cloak thrown over her shoulders.

"Dear Arthura," said Steppie, embracing her, when for a moment they found themselves alone, "you will to-day see Mr. Hermitage. Are you not very happy?"

"I should be, I suppose," Arthura replied. "But remember we are only friends in the eyes of the world."

"All will surely come right now?" asked Steppie, anxiously. "Mr. Hermitage is free. He will marry you soon."

Arthura, by way of reply, merely kissed her stepmother, and gathering fan, gloves, and bouquet, prepared to go.

"We must think of other things to-day," she said. "And now I had better make haste and see how Mr. Constantine looks as Time. The carriage will be sent back for you and the children, and I shall be at the entrance on the lookout."

"If you could only convoy us! My heart fails me at the last."

"Dear little mamma, scold that foolish little heart. I promised to Mr. Constantine to be at hand in case a finishing touch is necessary."

"Could we not wait for you in the carriage at the door?"

"That would never do. The household is invited, and none are to see the masqueraders till their appearance in public."

Then, waving her hand gayly to the little group on the stair-head, she entered Stephana's carriage and drove off to Mr. Constantine's. She sorely needed the half-hour's solitude, for her brain was in a whirl. Valerian had come back again. Unless words stand for nothing, he loved her fondly as ever. Why, then, these misgivings, these vague forebodings? There had been no cessation of his letters, each and all breathing the same lover-like devotion. Again and again he had begged her to trust him and have patience with him. Obstacles stood in the way of his dearest wishes, he wrote. He was bound to consider Christina and Stephana; he was far yet from being in an independent position. A few weeks after his return, and the future would be made clear.

What troubled Arthura was the thought that whilst she loved Valerian still, she could no longer put absolute trust in him. She could but feel that he was concealing something from her now, and that it was rather Valerian's would-be than real self depicted in his letters. But love and hope are strong at twenty-four, and the thought of seeing Valerian again was at least mixed with pleasure as well as pain. It was a radiant face and a gay voice that greeted Mr. Constantine, elaborately dressed as Time. The old man was in his sprightliest mood.

"The drooping beard and staff, wings and patriarchal garments, are doubtless more becoming," he said, "but the skeleton and inverted scythe were more in my way. So you are to be only yourself. A discreet, a feminine choice! Now sit in judgment upon me. Am I veritably Time indeed, the hoary sage, the awful monitor? Do I look too old ever to have had a beginning, and not human enough ever to come to an end? No trace of flesh and blood, no sign of mortality?"

"You are admirable indeed, sir."

"Ah, my speech shall be more admirable still, for I would learn no part, I wanted to be wise for the last time on my own account. 'Twill be a brief utterance, but a pithy, I warrant you. Well, are we ready? I am as impatient as a child before the curtain is drawn up at a play."

CHAPTER XLI.

It was a world of roses, a world of sunshine, that awaited Stephana's guests that midsummer day, and much more. No sooner had they set foot within her precincts than a bewildering sense of novelty and splendor took possession of them. They were surely bidden to some royal pageant! This show could not be all for humble folks like themselves!

The avenue leading up to the sombre old mansion glowed with crimson and gold banners, but it was the house itself that had been most transformed. Stephana had lived the life of Italy. She knew how to dress up a place in gala fashion, and instead of glittering effects and glaring contrasts had attained a subdued richness of color and wealth of ornamentation really poetic. Gorgeous Oriental carpets, and embroideries garlanded with fresh flowers hung from every window, whilst the building itself seemed to rise from the midst of a vast flower bed, so profusely were stands of roses, lilies, and gladiolas placed round about.

If the house was all solidity and sumptuousness, the pavilion on the lawn was all lightness and airiness, a fairy palace raised for an hour, to-morrow to vanish without leaving a trace behind. This was also Stephana's handiwork, and she had chosen the pale glassy green hangings and silvery white decorations with a purpose. Nothing else could be in such keeping with the fresh foliage of summer. Her unsubstantial banqueting-hall looked, indeed, to belong to the world of blossoms and dew-drops and greenery around it; some flowery tenement sprung up in the night for merry-making of fays and elves, and no more real than they. Most surprising and enchanting was this dome of pale sea-green, sheeny with sunshine, as it met the eyes of Stephana's guests—one joyous surprise out of the thousand in store for them.

Among the first to arrive was Christina, who knew that Stephana would expect one concession from her. She must see Valerian before the business of the day began, and get through that so dreaded meeting which was to mean reconciliation. To her great relief she found Arthura already come, and putting her hand within the girl's arm, determined not to let her go till the meeting with Valerian should be over. Not even Stephana should compel her to see him alone.

"My dear Arthura," she exclaimed, looking at her from head to foot admiringly, "I am very glad to see you. Now do tell me why did you get out of spirits when you were with me by the sea? I would have taken you to Italy; I would much rather have kept you. But moody people drive me mad."

"I am very sorry I was moody; but I wanted to see my own people oftener. That was one reason," Arthura said, with perfect candor.

"Well, you may live with me again some day—who knows?" Miss Hermitage replied, growing more and more nervous. She saw Valerian approaching. "Don't leave me, my dear," she added. "There is Valerian; he will like to see you again."

Arthura, knowing as much as she did of her companion's history, understood the reason of that uneasy voice and sudden grip of her arm; but she also wanted a defense against Valerian just then. Miss Hermitage little knew how fain she was to break from her hold and hide herself. Valerian coming toward them, and every step that brought him nearer lessened her self-confidence and collectedness. To use Steppie's expression, it seemed indeed as if her tongue would cleave to the roof of her mouth. But no escape was possible. She *must* see him, yet how little could any by-stander have divined what was going on in the minds of that superb girl and the spare, pale, bright-eyed old woman leaning on her arm! Arthura's rich carnation came and went, but blushes may mean coquetry and pleasure only. Outwardly calm and unmoved she awaited her lover, just as Christina, whilst inwardly burning with feverish dread, showed no perceptible emotion at her son's approach. Alike to the maiden and the mother this young man coming up to them with such airy port meant destiny, bale or blessing as long as life should last. To outsiders, it was a mere meeting of old friends. Bare-headed, and bowing with a charming smile, Valerian now stood before them. Christina, of course, had his first greeting. She moved a step forward, and for an instant disengaging her hand from Arthura's arm, held it forward, trying to smile, though ghastly pale. Words failed her utterly.

But Valerian's careless ease helped her. Without the slightest agitation, holding his hat in one hand, with the other he took her own, then very gracefully and gently he stooped and kissed her on either cheek. A perfect actor in a play could not have done it better. "I am very glad to see you back again, and well too—well as ever," was all he said.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1373.

Then came Arthura's turn. Here once more Valerian's presence of mind was proof against all assail. The lover-like look of intense admiration was followed by a commonplace smile, an ordinary greeting, and a hand-clasp. Was she well? he asked; would Mr. Constantine soon appear? and so on. Meantime he had given Christina his arm, and by that little action indicated clearly enough the line of conduct he had laid down for them both.

There was to be no painful explanation, no bitterness, no useless harrowing up of feelings. But their old relations were to be renewed. It was his part to take care of her and make things pleasant to her as of old, hers to be suave and confidential. The pair, whilst thus exchanging kind little nothings, could not in the least tell what was going on in the other's mind. For none can measure his fellow, and here mother and son, though their characters were much alike, failed to guess even at the result brought about by this long and painful separation.

With Christina atonement for wrong-doing could only take one shape. There was a penalty to be paid, material, actual, of the earth earthy. Valerian had been wronged by her; he should now receive compensation. This was what she had to say to him, no more. The colossal fortune he had so skillfully helped her to enjoy should be his. The mother's duty should be acquitted by her so far. More she could not do, but this was surely all Valerian wanted of her; he was not sentimental any more than herself, and so long as they were pleasant and friendly toward each other, life might be smooth enough to both.

It seemed an easy thing to say, and here was the very opportunity. Arthura had turned to embrace Colette; no one was within hearing. Yet these little words, "Of course I will provide for you," how hard they were to get out!—impossible, she said to herself at last. Whilst this momentary conflict was going on in her own mind, Valerian was occupied in a similar way. He also wanted to get out a few words, the only expression of remorse that occurred to him, but utterance did not come. To Valerian as to Christina one kind of compensation for wrong-doing presented itself only. The bitter pain he had given her and the remorseless way in which he had carried out his purpose did not trouble him; it was the consequences that he felt in duty bound to atone for, the careless life of distraction so suddenly put a stop to, the pleasant relations with himself disturbed, the worldly discomfort he had brought upon her. "You look well," he began at last, and smilingly glanced at her bonnet of latest Paris fashion and dress of straw-colored satin fit for a queen. "Better than ever. This Italian journey has quite set you up, I hope." Miss Hermitage gave an uneasy little laugh. "I am well enough," she said. Then—it seemed to her a last chance—she got out the words that would have had a cruel sound in the ears of any but Valerian.

"I don't think I shall die yet; but when I do, what is mine will be yours, of course. I wanted to tell you so."

Valerian did not look moved, although in reality he was more nervous than herself.

"I want you to live and be happy. Never mind me," he stammered forth. "I am very sorry I disturbed your peace."

"Let us go to Stephana," Christina exclaimed, adding, in an under-tone, piteously: "Say no more. We will never talk of these things; we will forget that they have happened. But here comes Stephana, and looking quite a picture," she cried, with a sense of relief. It was once more Valerian's turn to collect himself, and use extreme presence of mind. There was Stephana, his affianced bride; there was Arthura, his love, his secretly betrothed, and not a word must be breathed by way of explanation or excuses to either as yet. The threads must be unravelled to-morrow. The palinode belonged to another day. Stephana was his benefactress, and he had betrayed her only that he might the better serve her interests; Arthura was his love, and would forgive the temporary lapse when she learned all.

So, when Stephana had embraced Christina affectionately, he moved forward, paying as it must seem to outsiders hardly more homage than was due from such a guest to such a hostess. The beautiful hand held out so cordially was just raised to his lips, that was all. "Welcome, most welcome home!" cried Stephana, smiling sweetly. "What welcome can be good enough"—she turned gayly toward Christina—"since you have brought Italian sunshine, and you"—here she looked affectionately at Valerian—"you have brought tidings of a promised land?"

"If such a reception did not satisfy us, we must both be hard to please indeed," answered Valerian, already feeling as if the most difficult part of the interview were got through, and beginning to breathe more freely. What if Stephana in her excess of gratitude had bent down her fair brow to be kissed! And Arthura standing by! Oh that this day with its pitfalls and toils ready to enmesh him on every side were well over! this one day only; the rest he was ready to encounter.

Stephana, all composure and calm joyousness, divined nothing of what was going on in his mind. With an unconscious look of confidence she now let one fair white hand rest for a moment on his arm. To Valerian that exquisite touch seemed like a fiery grip; he felt himself growing sick with fear and apprehension. But Stephana merely said, with a charming smile, "Ask Arthura to show you our beautiful preparations whilst I act the cicerone to our cousin."

She now gave her arm to Christina; Colette had vanished. Valerian found himself with Arthura alone. He had never seen her look so superbly, so distractingly handsome, and although the moment before out of countenance and out of heart, he regained self-possession now. Arthura at least knew nothing of his imbroglio, and the mere fact of being able to whisper what he would in her ear seemed to make all things smooth. "May I come and see you to-morrow at your own home?"

"Will not Stephana want you?"

He turned round sharply and looked her full in the face, but nothing was there, he thought, to dismay him. The question was put out of girlish curiosity, perhaps not without a touch of natural jealousy, nothing more.

"And what if half a dozen to-morrows?"

The sweet sense of returning intimacy, and the conviction that nothing would be easier than to throw himself on Stephana's magnanimity, filled Valerian with growing self-confidence and ease. He was about to utter some lover-like rhapsody, when the blare of trumpets was heard at the gateway.

"That is the signal. Mr. Markham and his thousand have arrived," exclaimed Arthura. "We must not linger a moment."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"SHERWOOD BONNER."

The news of the death of "Sherwood Bonner" (Mrs. Katharine S. McDowell) will bring to hundreds of her friends and admirers in this country and in England a sense of personal bereavement. The accomplished author of *Like unto Like* and the *Dialect Tales* died at her home in Holly Springs, Mississippi, on Sunday night, the 22d of July. She was only thirty years old.

To American literature the loss can be best estimated by those who were acquainted with "Sherwood Bonner" herself. To them the promise of her life had only begun to be fulfilled. They believe that she was capable of making her genius smile in the presence of coming generations, as the face of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire (to use Thackeray's words) "smiles at us through history." Judging her not alone by the little she has done, but by the possibilities that shone in her radiant personality, they expected for "Sherwood Bonner" a fixed and distinguished place in the hierarchy of American letters. Other writers, they would say, have sketched for us the picturesque life of the South, but she has done it in a style unlike theirs or anybody's else, seeing things in a light all her own, and recording what she saw with a distinct consciousness of having something new to tell. Where in modern art is a simpler, fresher, franker, truer sketch of social manners than "The Gentlemen of Sarsar" with which her book of *Dialect Tales* opens? or than the amusing adventures of "Hieronymus Pop and the Baby," from the opening lines, "'Now, 'Onymus Pop,' said the mother of that gentle boy, 'you jes take keer o' dis chile while I'm gone ter de hangin','" to the conclusion, where Hieronymus's father "reached down from the mantel-shelf a long thin something, shaped like a snake, and quivered it in the air. Then he walked out to Hi, and taking him by the left ear, led him to a wood-pile. And here—but I draw a veil"? The humor of the story would have inspired the pencil of John Leech, nor have its best points missed the interpretative skill of Mr. A. B. Frost. And when, in the "Gentlemen of Sarsar," the hero exclaims, "If courage is needed, I am the son of my State—the State that does not know how to surrender; as for tact, civility, address, urbanity, and downright stubbornness, these desirable qualities are surely mine by right of inheritance," no one who knew "Sherwood Bonner" would deny her claim to the possession of those very traits, or fail to see in that possession a part of the rich promise of her life.

For this clever woman had, to an extraordinary degree, the faculty of enlisting in her behalf the services of those who could help her, not only in concerns of business, but also in the fashioning of her literary work. She never made the acquaintance of a man of power, intellectual or social, without succeeding in making him feel that to oblige her would give him pleasure. To the charms of a ripe loveliness of person she added the attractiveness of a happy disposition, bright conversational gifts, and a truly feminine soul; and, as if to make "Sherwood Bonner" complete for conquest, Nature had given her a presence and a demeanor to command. In the light of herself as an interpretation, her friends understood perfectly the attitude and language of the Hungarians who on a memorable occasion exclaimed, "Let us die for Maria Theresa, our King!" She led others easily, and those whom she led were not inferiors, but equals.

And, most remarkable of all, this woman enlisted the admiration of women themselves. "She was like no other woman," writes an esteemed woman correspondent of this journal. "There was a tremendous vigor of mind and body about her, which, but for a beauty peculiarly fascinating to the sterner sex, would have made her appear masculine; but the golden hair, the flower-like complexion, the soft loveliness of her exquisite white hands, made one forget that she could be as sparkling in her wit as Mark Twain, and as bold in her speculations as Robert Ingersoll. She did not deal in the petty things of life. She was large in stature, large in mind, large in heart. Her physical health and vigor were simply superb; she laughed at fatigues and privations under which most people would have sunk exhausted. She had a wonderful power first of attracting friends, and then of attaching them to her. Longfellow, in the decline of his years, seemed to see in her the renewing of his youth, and he did not hesitate to declare that she would be *the* American writer of the future." We may add that in a letter introducing Mrs. McDowell to the Messrs. Harper and Brothers Mr. Longfellow said of her first work, *Like unto Like*, that "it has marked and decided merit, is beautifully written, and full of interest to North and South."

To the same esteemed correspondent whose generous words of eulogy are quoted above, we are indebted for some pathetic details of "Sherwood Bonner's" illness and death. "When very young she married, and two years afterward [about twelve years ago], owing to some pecuniary misfortunes, she came to Boston alone to prepare herself for a literary career. She did this through one of those strange, inexplicable impulses by which strong natures will, in defiance of all rule and opposition, seek a vent for their capacities. Her friends at first opposed her in every way; but her success proved her wisdom. Mr. Nahum Capen received her as one of his own family, and new friends among the noblest and the most gifted in the land sprang up for her on every side. It was only a little more than a year ago that her friends knew the grip of death was upon her, in one of those subtler forms against which human skill and human devotion are as nothing. Once more she came to Boston, and for eight months suffered the agonies of a daily death, her friends gathering round her and nursing her through the weary weeks and months of anguish. During the whole her wit and gay spirits, her hopeful courage, never once failed. She believed she would recover, and she made those about her believe the same. But this could not serve her, and in March she went home to die. Speaking of her last hours, an eye-witness writes: 'She died as she had hoped she might, "with dignity and composure," almost her last words being, "It is not death I dread."' It was not the first time she had faced it. In 1878, when the yellow fever was raging in the Mississippi Valley, she deliberately left Boston and went to Holly Springs, where its ravages were most deadly, and nursed her father and brother, each of whom, after a week's illness, died in her arms. She escaped the epidemic, but many believed that she then contracted the disease which afterward cost her her life. During her hours of suffering, her bravery, her patience, and her heroism were extraordinary. One who watched by her dying bed said: 'I have seen her smile when it would have been a relief to see her cry. She uttered no complaint, and no one heard her repine.' One day she gayly asked her friends what would be a suitable inscription for her tombstone; and from several that had been suggested, she selected this, 'She was much loved.' Surely no words could furnish a more fitting epitaph for the young life that had done so much, enjoyed so much, suffered so much, in little more than thirty years."

Of "Sherwood Bonner's" literary genius it is easy to speak. Certainly its sympathies were not pessimistic, and she would never have written, as did Tourguéneff, "It is not our fault if the life of to-day contains so much grossness and sensuality." She was no censor of her times, like the author of *Moths*, nor had she any deep conviction of the misery of the world, like the author of *Consuelo*. Nor did she hold Lord Houghton's theory that the literary instinct is akin to the military instinct, soldiers being among our best writers, or share Heine's ambition to be a brave soldier in the war of the liberation of humanity. A mere dreamer and a bookworm she could never have been, and she cared as little for fantastic writing, with its machinery of miracle, as for romantic writing, with its machinery of incident. A true child of her epoch, she was a simple naturalist in art, with a strong hand and a delicate touch. Life as she had seen it and lived it in the Southern States of the Union was the object of her attention, and she sketched it in the spirit and the method of a master. Her work, slight though it is, will live because it is true; and if any of our readers have not yet read *Like unto Like*, and the *Dialect Tales*, there is a pleasure in store for them.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

There is a natural bridge in Arizona which, it is said, far surpasses the natural bridge in Virginia. Little is known concerning it, however, for no Learned Blacksmith has made it the scene of a thrilling story.

An idle telegrapher has been making computations as to the labor required of him when he is at work. He says that the Morse alphabet averages six motions to the letter, and, allowing that there is on the average five letters to a word, the average word requires thirty motions. If the operator sends thirty words a minute he makes nine hundred motions, which is at the rate of fifty-four thousand motions an hour. A day's work of seven hours' steady sending would necessitate some three hundred and seventy-eight thousand motions. Thus in less than three days he would make a million motions. "The expenditure of nervous energy, therefore," he says, "is something terrible—a fact which accounts for the 'short-livedness' of the telegrapher."

The play in the theatre at Casamicciola, in the island of Ischia, on the night of the terrible calamity, was to have been a burlesque which opened with a scene representing an earthquake. The curtain had just risen when the mimic calamity gave place to the real.

A New York merchant, who lost patience while waiting for an answer to a message which he intrusted to the wires, remarked that the company had had ample time to get him an answer by mail, and he could account for so long a delay only by assuming that the company was waiting to take advantage of the reduction in postage which goes into effect in October.

"GENERAL TOM THUMB."

One more great man is taken from our midst—
Great in his smallness. Fare thee well, Tom Thumb!
Though History may record no deed thou didst
Worthy remembrance in the days to come,
Thou wert a mortal of no common mould,
And 'mid heroic names of high degree
Fame shall preserve one little niche to hold
A statue—nay, a statuette—of thee.
A small Napoleon, though no conqueror,
A "General," though not "made of sterner stuff,"
Thy glory was not won through tears and gore,
Thy size—or want of it—was quite enough.
The welcome guest in every royal court,
The cynosure of each admiring throng,
Plaything of princes—well, man's span is short;
And none can say that *thou* hast lived too long.
Honor and wealth and well-deserved repose
Lit thy last years; the only drop of gall
Was when some younger rival dwarfs arose,
Greater than thee in being still more small.
Farewell, Tom Thumb, and o'er thy tiny tomb
May tears as big and numerous be shed,
And votive flowers as plenteously bloom,
As if a giant, not a dwarf, were dead!

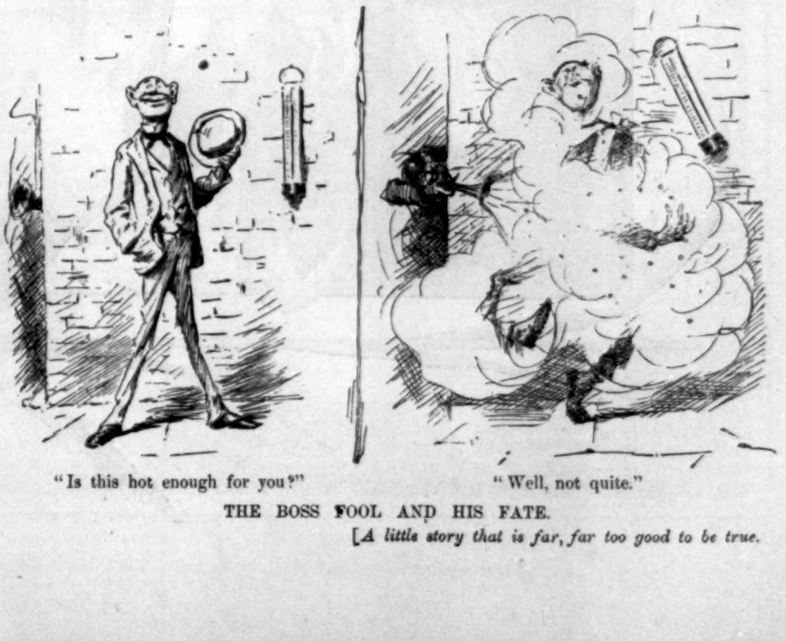
—*London Life.*

A telegrapher who is locked up in the Kansas penitentiary has signified that he is anxiously waiting for the signal to "go out."

To Democratic Congressmen who insist upon re-opening the tariff discussion next winter the Democratic Washington *Post* suggests that before going too far they "find out how many Democratic statesmen in each end of the Capitol will rise up, each with an 'infant industry' in his arms, and demand special protection for his special charge." This pen picture of a national legislative foundling asylum is worthy of serious contemplation.

An item from Dakota says that it costs eleven thousand dollars for a man to get a fair outfit for farming in Iowa, but all a woman needs to run a homestead in Dakota is an oil stove, three hens, and a rooster. This may be taken as an illustration of the advantages which the Territory has over the State, or as a tribute to the superiority of woman in controlling circumstances.

An examination by physicians of the body of Captain Webb failed to discover the characteristic evidences of death by drowning, and revealed no local injury sufficient to have caused death. The physicians came to the conclusion, therefore, that his death resulted from the shock produced by the water of the rapids "coming in contact with the submerged body with such force as to instantly destroy the respiratory power, and in fact all vital action," the shock being of sufficient intensity to "paralyze the nerve centres, partially desiccate the muscular tissues, and forestall death by drowning." From this they reason that no living body ever has passed through the rapids, and that none ever will, because it is impossible. The conclusions of the doctors who made the post-mortem examination are rejected by other physicians, of whom some believe that Captain Webb was killed by being dashed against a rock, and others that he was drowned.

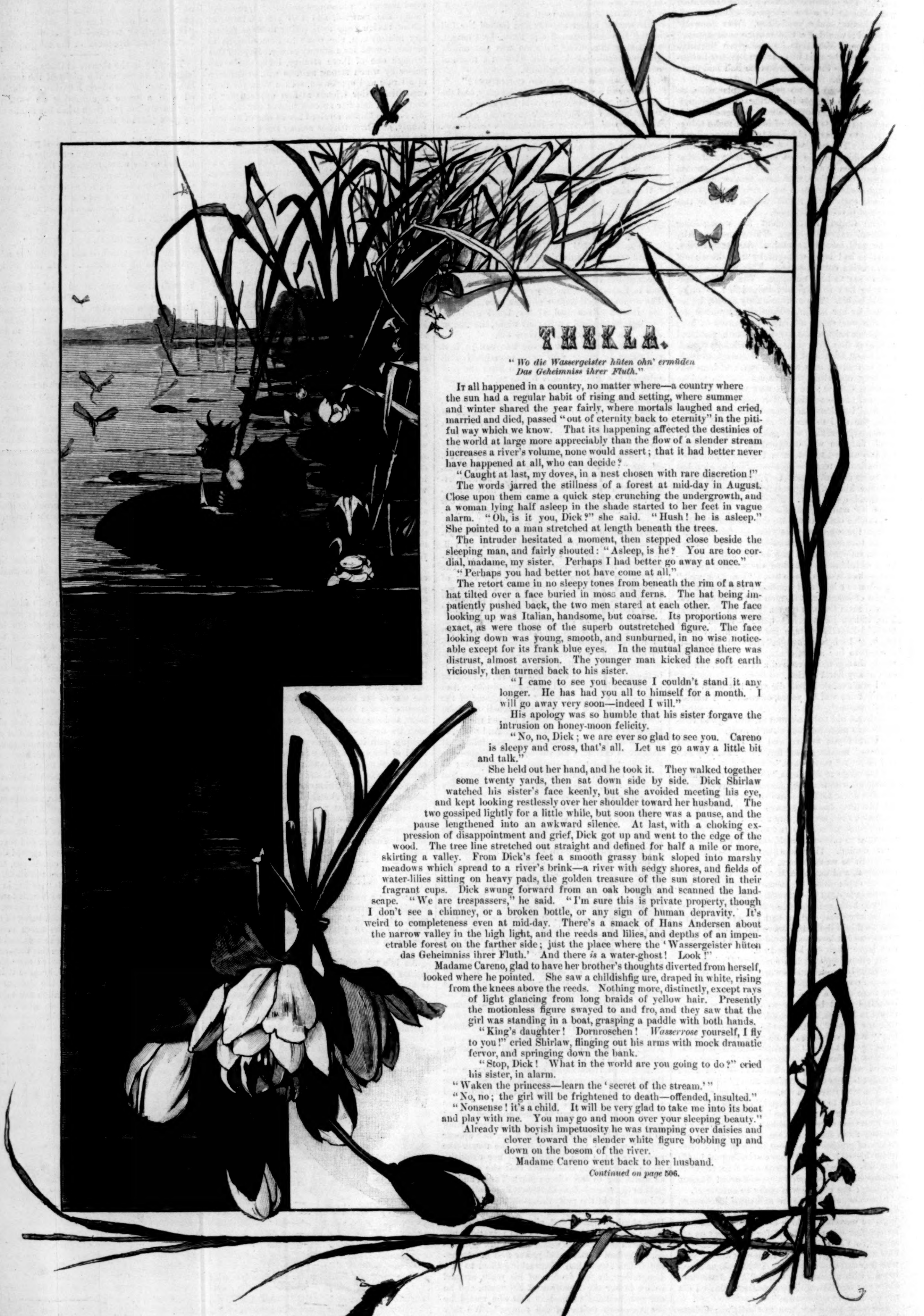


"Is this hot enough for you?"

"Well, not quite."

THE BOSS FOOL AND HIS FATE.

[*A little story that is far, far too good to be true.*



THEKLA.

> *"Wo die Wassergeister hüten ohn' ermüden*
> *Das Geheimniss ihrer Fluth."*

It all happened in a country, no matter where—a country where the sun had a regular habit of rising and setting, where summer and winter shared the year fairly, where mortals laughed and cried, married and died, passed "out of eternity back to eternity" in the pitiful way which we know. That its happening affected the destinies of the world at large more appreciably than the flow of a slender stream increases a river's volume, none would assert; that it had better never have happened at all, who can decide?

"Caught at last, my doves, in a nest chosen with rare discretion!"

The words jarred the stillness of a forest at mid-day in August. Close upon them came a quick step crunching the undergrowth, and a woman lying half asleep in the shade started to her feet in vague alarm. "Oh, is it you, Dick?" she said. "Hush! he is asleep." She pointed to a man stretched at length beneath the trees.

The intruder hesitated a moment, then stepped close beside the sleeping man, and fairly shouted: "Asleep, is he? You are too cordial, madame, my sister. Perhaps I had better go away at once."

"Perhaps you had better not have come at all."

The retort came in no sleepy tones from beneath the rim of a straw hat tilted over a face buried in moss and ferns. The hat being impatiently pushed back, the two men stared at each other. The face looking up was Italian, handsome, but coarse. Its proportions were exact, as were those of the superb outstretched figure. The face looking down was young, smooth, and sunburned, in no wise noticeable except for its frank blue eyes. In the mutual glance there was distrust, almost aversion. The younger man kicked the soft earth viciously, then turned back to his sister.

"I came to see you because I couldn't stand it any longer. He has had you all to himself for a month. I will go away very soon—indeed I will."

His apology was so humble that his sister forgave the intrusion on honey-moon felicity.

"No, no, Dick; we are ever so glad to see you. Careno is sleepy and cross, that's all. Let us go away a little bit and talk."

She held out her hand, and he took it. They walked together some twenty yards, then sat down side by side. Dick Shirlaw watched his sister's face keenly, but she avoided meeting his eye, and kept looking restlessly over her shoulder toward her husband. The two gossiped lightly for a little while, but soon there was a pause, and the pause lengthened into an awkward silence. At last, with a choking expression of disappointment and grief, Dick got up and went to the edge of the wood. The tree line stretched out straight and defined for half a mile or more, skirting a valley. From Dick's feet a smooth grassy bank sloped into marshy meadows which spread to a river's brink—a river with sedgy shores, and fields of water-lilies sitting on heavy pads, the golden treasure of the sun stored in their fragrant cups. Dick swung forward from an oak bough and scanned the landscape. "We are trespassers," he said. "I'm sure this is private property, though I don't see a chimney, or a broken bottle, or any sign of human depravity. It's weird to completeness even at mid-day. There's a smack of Hans Andersen about the narrow valley in the high light, and the reeds and lilies, and depths of an impenetrable forest on the farther side; just the place where the 'Wassergeister hüten das Geheimniss ihrer Fluth.' And there *is* a water-ghost! Look!"

Madame Careno, glad to have her brother's thoughts diverted from herself, looked where he pointed. She saw a childishfig ure, draped in white, rising from the knees above the reeds. Nothing more, distinctly, except rays of light glancing from long braids of yellow hair. Presently the motionless figure swayed to and fro, and they saw that the girl was standing in a boat, grasping a paddle with both hands.

"King's daughter! Dornroschen! *Wasserrose* yourself, I fly to you!" cried Shirlaw, flinging out his arms with mock dramatic fervor, and springing down the bank.

"Stop, Dick! What in the world are you going to do?" cried his sister, in alarm.

"Waken the princess—learn the 'secret of the stream.'"

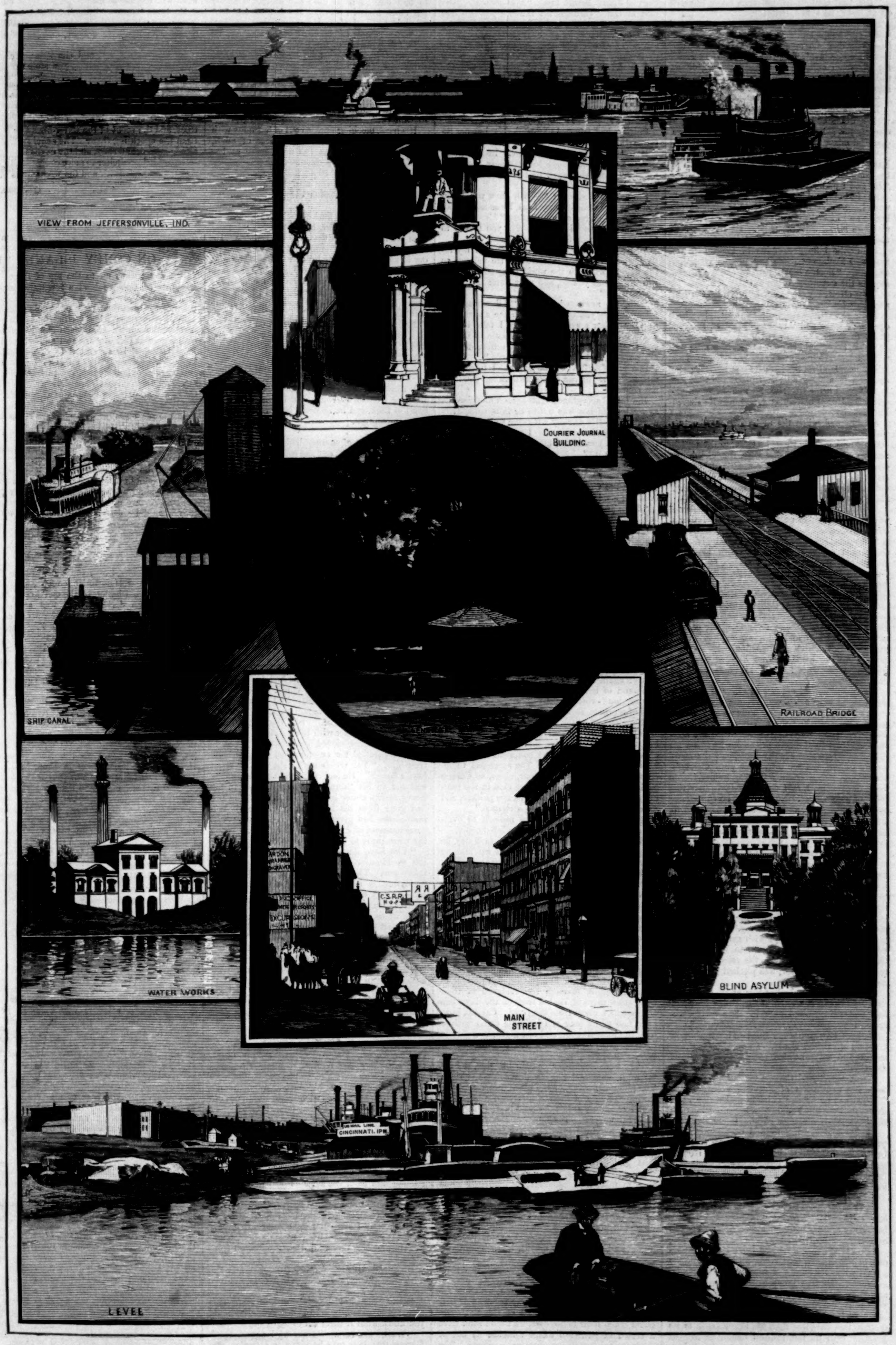
"No, no; the girl will be frightened to death—offended, insulted."

"Nonsense! it's a child. It will be very glad to take me into its boat and play with me. You may go and moon over your sleeping beauty."

Already with boyish impetuosity he was tramping over daisies and clover toward the slender white figure bobbing up and down on the bosom of the river.

Madame Careno went back to her husband.

Continued on page 506.


VIEW FROM JEFFERSONVILLE, IND.
COURIER JOURNAL BUILDING.
SHIP CANAL
RAILROAD BRIDGE
WATER WORKS
MAIN STREET
BLIND ASYLUM
LEVEE

THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION—VIEWS IN AND AROUND THE CITY.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 510.]

THEKLA.

[*Continued from page 504.*]

"Has that confounded nuisance taken himself off at last?" he asked, irritably.

She smiled. She was in that stage of fatuity when she could smile at any insolence coming from the lips she loved, not disturbed that the insolence was insult to the brother who had cared for her from childhood. "He has gone off to the river, after a child in a boat. I couldn't stop him."

"Thank Heaven!" interpolated Careno.

His wife smiled again, radiantly this time, and, with a grace of toleration, said, "Well, Dick's a dear fellow; he is headstrong, and he makes dreadful mistakes sometimes, but—"

"Oh, don't apologize for him," said Careno, lazily, extracting a little more luxury from life by a re-arrangement of his neck and shoulders. "He and I understand each other."

She forbore, and took to caressing her husband, until he grew restless, and raised himself on his hands and looked toward the river. "He seems to be *au mieux* with the child. He has got into the boat and taken the paddles."

Under the influence of her brother's safe remoteness Madame Careno had another visitation of grace. "Such a boy! Nobody can resist him. He has the sweetness of an angel."

"The effrontery of the devil," amended Careno, and his wife laughed outright.

The girl was now sitting in the boat. She had opened a large white umbrella, and as Shirlaw paddled gently, she gathered lilies.

"They land," said Careno, after a few minutes. "He fastens the boat; he helps her ashore. This is idyllic. He lifts his hat; they part. No; she makes a forward gesture. Do you see that she is costumed after Gretchen? This becomes exciting." He sat bolt-upright, and his wife shared his curiosity.

Shirlaw had taken the umbrella, and the two walked across the meadow, and halted beneath a conspicuous group of elms. Here, to the mystification of Careno and his wife, the girl knelt down, and having poured her wealth of lilies on some object they could not see, crossed her hands on her breast and lifted her face to the sky. Shirlaw stood beside her, bare-headed.

"A daughter of the Sun-God," said Madame Careno, "praying to be taken up to her father's burning breast."

"Beautiful idea!" said Careno, mockingly. "If she would carry Dick Shirlaw with her, and plunge him in eternal fire, I should be happy. Confound it! they're coming here. Why can't they let us alone?"

They were coming, and when their nearness forced acknowledgment, Careno stood up. Madame Careno had already risen, her face vivid with curious admiration. Even Careno's coarse handsomeness softened with an expression of homage to the girl approaching. She came straight up the bank, looking only at Madame Careno. Shirlaw fell back, his eyes dancing with amusement.

The girl stretched out her hand. "Madame," she said, "I am Thekla von Arnim; my home is on the hill beyond the river. This forest is mine, and the meadows and the marshes all are mine. Will you do me the honor to come with me now and rest through the heat of the day?"

Her fine face was gravity itself, and the composure of her manner quenched even Careno's perception of a delicate absurdity in her introduction of herself, and gave her invitation the force of a command. She showed no consciousness of informality, and her brown eyes, lifted to Madame Careno, seemed to the three worldlings too pure and frank to look from mortal maiden's face.

"We thank you," Madame Careno answered, in a stately way summoned to meet the emergency, and almost adding, "your Majesty." "We are only holiday strollers. Already we have trespassed on your estate, and we hardly dare intrude upon your hospitality."

"The pleasure will be all mine, madame. If you will come I will lead the way."

"My wife and I accept with great happiness your gracious invitation, Fräulein Von Arnim." Careno spoke, and his voice, the voice of a widely known operatic tenor, was pitched in sweetest key.

Thekla had not looked at him at all, and when she lifted her face, a flash of surprise, a spasm of fear and pain, passed over it. She turned abruptly toward Shirlaw, saying, "Follow me."

Madame Careno put her hand on her husband's arm: "I am almost afraid. There will be a drawbridge, and seven-headed giants, and fiery-eyed dragons."

"Nonsense," said Careno, nettled by that unflattering expression of Fräulein Von Arnim's. "There will be broiled chicken and Rhine wine. Probably Fräulein Thekla is a harmless lunatic; she is certainly a spoiled child. Come along."

Thekla and Shirlaw walked on silently. He was very young, and, besides, a natural and professional painter of a romantic school. He was quite satisfied to walk blindly, speechlessly into fairy-land by the side of his water-spirit. Thekla broke the spell strangely:

"Your sister is more beautiful than I."

Shirlaw experienced a severe shock, but he presently rose to the occasion, and dissented gallantly. His gallantry made no impression on Thekla. She went on, speculatively:

"She is much more beautiful. I saw the secret of her beauty, too; it was all in the look she gave to her husband. I wonder at that, and I am sorry. He has the eyes of men who have betrayed their friends, and brought misery everywhere."

Shirlaw's amazement at this bare statement of opinion was only less than his bitter sense of its justice. Still he felt himself bound to combat an instinctive repulsion against his brother-in-law. "That isn't fair to Careno. He can't help his eyes. And what do you know of such men?"

She bent her head, and tears fell on her hands, clasped lightly before her. "I know them," she said at last, "through my father's pictures and books, and from his teaching. I have seen such eyes, too, in the imps of the water-lilies. There are angel sprites and devil sprites. They come up in the moonlight, and play and dance among the lilies. When I am miserable and sad the imps come up in crowds, and gibber and scream and pinch the angels and drive them away. When I am happy the angels float up and flap their shining wings, and drive the demons deep beneath the slime. You laugh."

Shirlaw had laughed unmistakably, but her reproachful glance sobered him.

"So Careno is a devil sprite," he said, and thought the child spoke more wisely than she knew. "And what am I that you show me such favor?"

She answered slowly: "When I saw you, when you asked to come into my boat, I was not afraid. You know, I stared at you silently."

"You did—you did. I thought you meant to turn me into stone for my impudence."

"No; I was saying: 'He has the look my father would have had me trust. He belongs to the angel sprites, to the world of good men and women.' And you do, and your sister too. Am I not right?"

"No," he answered, hotly. "All wrong—all wrong. It is you who belong to the angels and to your father's world, which, as I take it, is a world of noble ideas and lofty images of beauty and truth. We are of a world so different I can not tell you, and I wouldn't if I could."

She stood still. "I am sorry. I have been mistaken. If you can teach me nothing, you need not come."

Her literal acceptance of his speech was discouraging, but Shirlaw was not to be thus summarily dismissed. His worldly wit came to his aid.

"Don't send me away. I can teach you one thing which you do not know."

"What is it?"

"The secret of my sister's beauty."

"Can you? Will you?"

"It is not very hard to learn, and the teaching does not need much labor or much time."

"Then you are not to go away," she said, and held out her hand.

Shirlaw just touched the tips of her fingers, and though he somewhat scornfully likened himself to the wolf in sheep's clothing, he went on through the gloomy wood until he came unto the castle where the king's daughter abode.

Careno's supposition about Thekla was not so far wrong; she was not a harmless lunatic, but she was a spoiled child. She had substantial surroundings, indicative of great wealth. From her infancy she had lived in the exclusive companionship of a thoughtful, bookish father, and the influence of his years and sorrows on her sensitive organization had borne strange results. In her household her whim was law, no one daring to protest against her direct manner and the calm command of her voice. Even the stout housekeeper, loud-voiced and important toward her staff of servants, shrank into servile insignificance in the presence of the "gnädiges Fräulein."

When Thekla sent to the village inn for the luggage of the strangers, and ordered the guest chambers thrown open, no comment was made, no questions were asked. The strangers themselves made only polite demur, since, as Careno said to his wife, "Windfalls are rare in the path of two opera singers and a landscape painter, and we can't afford to refuse such a chance."

And indeed Careno exerted himself to overcome Thekla's aversion, which he felt keenly.

For an hour after lunch on the first day he sang magnificently. He knew that his singing partly won her, and wholly overcame the elderly person who acted as Prime Minister to her Majesty. He abandoned himself to sensual enjoyment of the luxury spread before him. But to his wife and to Shirlaw this pleasure in creature comforts provided in so novel a way was impossible. To them day after day the spell of enchantment wove itself more closely about Thekla, about themselves, and their life with her; day after day the old life of falsehood and intrigue, of struggle and vanity, receded into dim perspective. Nearly a week had passed, and neither of them, excepting through the evidence of their eyes, knew more of Thekla than on the day when she rose as a ghost from the river. Careno, however, had many long and intimate conversations with the housekeeper, and one night, in a rare fit of talkativeness, he shared the results with his wife.

They were loitering about the hill-side, and not far off Thekla and Shirlaw floated on the river. The picturesqueness of the place under the mellowing radiance of the moon seemed a bid to all the elves and imps in fairy-land to come forth for an old-time revel. No flights of fancy disturbed Careno's practical and discursive vein.

"She is fabulously rich," he said. "Everything is hers, too, absolutely. And, do you know, that guileless old gentleman, her father, dead these three months, had such confidence in her that, in matter of marriage, he expressly gives her untrammelled freedom of action. The saving clause to his folly was putting the money outside of the possible husband's control. By the conditions of his will Thekla is to remain here until she chooses to emerge under the protection of a noble lord and lady appointed her guardians. Said lord and lady have made several descents, and tried to carry her off. They have also tried to invite themselves here with friends for prolonged visits, but the young person, with her appalling candor, has successfully frustrated their intentions. If her goings on of the last week could reach their noble ears, we would soon have a crowd of patrician wasps stinging us out of these uncommonly comfortable quarters. The deceased father, by-the-way, was an Austrian. Why he expatriated himself, and shut himself up with his baby daughter, I have not been able to find out. But he did; and he has educated the child himself, literally fed her on his own mind and experience. He shaped her intellect as a poet shapes the creature of his dreams; he kept her ignorant of the manners of people of her own time and class; he clothed her as great painters clothe their ideal women; and at the turning-point of her life he left her just ready to become the dupe and slave of the first good-looking fellow who makes love to her. The chance has fallen to that lucky dog my estimable brother-in-law."

His hard, mocking tone, so out of harmony with the surroundings and her own frame of mind, jarred on his wife, and the final sneer at her brother moved her to a show of mild resentment.

"Then the chance could not have come to a better or truer man," she said, and walked away from him to meet Thekla coming up from the river.

The girl's face was flushed and excited. "Listen, madame," she said, breathlessly. "I have here the home and all that was my father's. He lies there beneath the elms, and I have his memory in my heart. Your brother has told me that he loves me, and wants me for his wife. He says that in the autumn he will come for me and take me. He says that if I love him I will not care where I go, so long as he is beside me. Tell me what is right, what is best."

Madame Careno laid her hands on Thekla's fair, child-like head: "All you have here," she said, "you can come back to, and your father's memory in your heart can not be displaced. What my brother says is true. If you love him, he can give you life."

Without a word, Thekla recrossed the meadow. Madame Careno, watching, saw her hold out her hand to Dick, and he bent his head and kissed it in the moonlight.

The loveliness of summer had waned, the glory of autumn had faded, and the sodden earth waited sullenly for its mantle of snow. The pleasant meadow and marsh-lands were sere, the silver threads on the hills had swollen into roaring torrents, and instead of the blue lazy river a black flood hurried along, burying deep the water-lilies, and warning angels and imps into winter hiding-places.

The day was all that is gloomy and uncomfortable. Clouds banded together menaced the earth. A furious wind shrieked through the forest, whirling dead leaves down the valley before it, and stirring the hair and heavy drapery of Thekla, who knelt before the cross where in the summer-time she had laid her lilies. Her face, always sad and grave, told her story plainly. Too soon she had left her ideal world to learn the bitterness of what Madame Careno had glowingly portrayed as "life." She bowed her head on the cross for a minute, then, rising, confronted her lover. She gave a cry of surprise and joy.

"At last! They told me you had deceived me. They said you would never come. They said I was moping myself to death, and they tried to take me away. But I meant to stay. I meant to die here if must be." She burst into tears, and covered her face with her hands.

Shirlaw neither moved nor spoke.

She controlled her emotion, and stepped back from him. "You are changed," she said. "What have I done?" He had changed; and the change was not in his thinness or paleness, nor in the heavy marks under his eyes, but in that the fun had gone from his face, and in that his boyish *insouciance* had given place to the nervous self-consciousness of a man pursued by care. When his voice came to him he spoke vehemently:

"You have done nothing. It is the fault of the world—that world to which I would have taken you. Thekla, I can not do it. Any manhood that is in me, every spark of virtue and honesty left to me, revolt at bringing you into contact with the world as I know it. If the knowledge of its sorrow and sin must be yours, I at least shall not have it on my soul that I led you to it. I have come to bid you good-by."

As Thekla listened to him the dignity of her truthfulness and simplicity clothed her as a visible garment. She spoke slowly: "What sorrow could come to me like that of parting from you? What is the sin of the world to me? You are my world. You can not unteach the secret you taught. I have given you what your sister gave to—"

"Don't! don't!" he exclaimed.

"Ah! I knew," she cried. "The demon's face, the imp's eyes. For weeks I have seen no other. Cold and storm are nothing to him. He comes up and rides on the white-capped waves, and leers at me and mocks me hideously. What has he done? No matter; his wickedness does not concern me. You are not what he is."

"How do you know?" Shirlaw interrupted. "How do I know myself that I am not a liar, a coward, a brute? How do you know that I may not win you only to cast you aside and betray you, and send you broken-hearted to the grave? That is what he has done to my sister, Thekla. I hated him from the first. I told her, but she would not listen. She died, and I have no feeling but hatred of him, and scorn and distrust of all men, myself among them. I have come to tell you that I dare not take your life in my hands. You may go back to your books and pictures, and another than I shall take you from them."

He spoke with the fervor of passion, and she answered, quietly, "You mean that you don't love me any more?"

"Great Heaven!" he exclaimed, in blank surprise; and added, inquiringly, "Yet how should you know what it costs me to leave you?"

"Wait," she said. "I am no longer a child. I know that love may be given to a traitor, and that men may swear faith and troth, and swear falsely. If, in the face of that knowledge, I say I love you and trust you and will go with you, what will you say to me?"

He turned away. "Don't tempt me. I had better have let you think me a scoundrel. Let me go. You will cry a little, and your childish peace will come back."

He was leaving her, and she sprang forward. "You killed the child's life; you stole her peace. Neither can come back. Let me choose."

He looked at her; he lingered. "After all," he said, "he never loved her as I love you."

Then the summer sun shone through the clouds, the summer breeze rustled through the trees, and the scent of the water-lilies was wafted from the sparkling river. The angel sprites fluttered, danced, and sang, and the devils took themselves off helter-skelter to more congenial spheres, and the pain of death and the wickedness of the world ceased to be.

Perhaps it had much better not have happened; but who can picture the dreariness of life if it never did happen?

Annie Robertson Macfarlane.

ON CONEY ISLAND.

Our artist went up to the top of the tall observatory on Coney Island a few days ago, and took a bird's-eye view of a portion of that popular resort, where thousands of people from New York, Brooklyn, and other cities find daily relief from summer heat. No beach in the world furnishes greater facilities for rest and refreshment. Easily reached by several lines of railroad and excursion steamers, with miles of safe bathing grounds, with hotels of every variety, from the cheapest to the most expensive and luxurious, Coney Island attracts visitors of every class. As a rule the beach is well policed, and in the day-time crowds of ladies and children resort there without fear of disturbance.

There is much complaint, however, of the presence of gamblers on the beach, who apparently play their tricks upon unsuspecting countrymen without hindrance from the police or from the proprietors of the hotels. They are a source of great annoyance to decent people; and although they are careful to make no disturbance, they should be driven from the island without ceremony or delay.

THE NEW SENATOR.

The long contest over the United States Senatorship of New Hampshire ended August 2, on the forty-second ballot, by the election of Austin F. Pike. The decisive vote was as follows: Whole number, 315; necessary for a choice, 158. Edward H. Rollins, 1; Aaron F. Stevens, 1; William S. Ladd, 1; Gilman Marston, 19; Harry Bingham, 112; Austin F. Pike, 181. Mr. Pike, having a majority, was declared elected United States Senator for six years from March 4, 1883. The announcement of the result was greeted with tumultuous applause.

The newly elected Senator is known in New Hampshire as a lawyer of ability and a politician remarkable for his shrewdness. He was born on the 16th of October, 1819, and was admitted to the bar in 1845, practicing principally at Franklin. He was elected to the New Hampshire House of Representatives in 1850, 1851, 1852, 1865, and 1866, serving as Speaker the last two years. In 1857 and 1858 he was a member of the New Hampshire Senate, and for some months he was President of that body. He was Chairman of the Republican State Committee in 1858 and 1859, and was a delegate to the Philadelphia Convention which nominated General Fremont in 1856. In 1873 he was elected to Congress, and at the close of his term he sought re-election, but was defeated by the Democratic candidate, Mr. Samuel N. Bell.

THE GRAND ARMY.

Mr. Robert B. Beath, the new commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, was born in Philadelphia in 1839. He entered the service as a private in 1861, and remained in the field until the close of the war. He was First Lieutenant in the Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, First Corps, Army of the Potomac, and while serving in this capacity was wounded in the second battle of Bull Run. Being again promoted, he assumed command of a company of colored troops, and served with them in the Army of the James. In the charge at Newmarket Heights, Virginia, he was again wounded, losing his right leg, September 29, 1864. Being taken to the hospital, he staid there until 1865, when he was assigned to duty at Camp William Penn, Philadelphia, remaining there until able to join his regiment. He was mustered out in September with a lieutenant-colonel's commission. After the war he removed to Pottsville, Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, where he entered into business as Secretary of the Anthracite Mining Exchange. In 1871 he was elected Surveyor-General of the State of Pennsylvania, and after his term of service returned to Philadelphia to engage in the insurance business, being now Secretary of the United Firemen's Insurance Company of that city.

Upon the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic he became one of the first members in his native State, and served four years as Assistant-Adjutant-General of the department. He was subsequently elected Department Commander by a unanimous vote. Becoming a member of the National Encampment, he served in it two years as Inspector-General, thoroughly organizing this department. He was Adjutant-General under Commander-in-chief Hartranft, and one year under Commander-in-chief Louis Wagner.

THIRLBY HALL.[*]

By W. F. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—(*Continued.*)

I AM INTRODUCED TO THE FAMILY SKELETON.

"Uncle Bernard," I began, hesitatingly, "would you mind my saying what I think?"

"I should like you to say what you think," he answered.

"Well, then," I resumed, "I know that Mrs. Farquhar's opinion isn't worth much, and the Rector, I dare say, is not overwise, and of course neither of them is fit to advise you. Still, it does seem to me that she was right at first, and that he is right now. One calls a fellow who cheats at cards a blackguard, and so he is, I suppose; but this happened a long time ago, and he must have been very young then, and—and—don't you think he might have another chance given him? I am not such an ass as to pretend to tell you what your duty is; only I fancy that you may have been a little too severe upon this poor chap just because he was your own son. I feel sure that, if it had been any one else, you would have been the first person in the world to forgive and forget."

I fully meant what I said, and I said what I meant from no other motive than that I did mean it; nevertheless, I must admit that I was conscious of acting a disinterested part; and I was altogether taken aback when my uncle, instead of looking pleased with me, started to his feet with an impatient gesture and a flash of genuine anger in his mild blue eyes.

"Forgive and forget!" he exclaimed. "Have you known me all your life, Charley, only to say such a foolish thing as that? Am I vindictive? Have you ever known me bear malice against any one who had offended or injured me?"

I shook my head, somewhat abashed.

"Or do you suppose," my uncle went on, "that I, of all people in the world, have the pretension to forgive another man's sins? I thought you would have understood—I thought it would not be necessary to point out to you in so many words that I am doubly disgraced by Harry's ruin. Disgraced not only because my name has been dragged down into the dirt by my son, but because I failed to make such a disaster impossible. Consider the tremendous risk involved in cheating at cards, and the very small gain, in proportion to it, that a successful cheat can hope to make. Surely you must see how terribly wrong must have been my management of a young man who, rather than ask me for a few hundreds, or even thousands, would play so desperate a game as that! And if I could say to such a one, 'I forgive you from the bottom of my heart; the sin may have been yours, but the cause of the sin was mine; let us cry quits, and start afresh,' do you think I would not say it, and shake off a part, at least, of the load of remorse which I have been carrying about all these years, and which I must carry to my grave—and beyond it?"

He paused, drawing his breath quickly; then resumed his seat, and went on in a calmer tone. "I told you before that I don't know what you or any one else would have done in my place; I had to act as seemed to me right, and if it were to do over again, I could not act differently. It is easy to forgive an injury, but it is only in certain cases that one can blot out an offense. There are sins as bad as or worse than Harry's which it is perfectly possible to condone. A man may run away with his neighbor's wife, for instance, and resume his place in society when he chooses, if he will only show his penitence by deserting her. With regard to turf transactions, again, he may sail very near the wind indeed, and be pardoned; and there are many other slippery places through which he may walk with a tolerable certainty of being able to emerge from them in due season. But he must not be caught with a card up his sleeve and publicly thrashed. A man to whom such a thing as that has happened is a dead man, and no living being can resuscitate him. This, I know, is only conventional morality. I am not concerned to make an apology for it, though I think that, if you come to look into them, there is more to be said for the world's conventional rules of conduct than some people are willing to allow. What is certain is that, being in the world, we must submit to its standards. What was it in my power to do for Harry? Could I have kept him with me here, in the vain hope that at last he might live his disgrace down? Why, he would never have had the chance of living it down. There is not a man in the county who would have spoken to him—at all events, not a gentleman who would. To the very last day of his life he would have been pointed out as the man who, etc., etc. Neither he nor I could have borne it."

"Oh no," I agreed; "you couldn't have attempted that."

"Well?"

"Well, I should have thought a compromise might have been made. I should have thought that, after having been away for a great many years, he might have been allowed to come back. Scandals *are* forgotten, you know, and I suppose it is pretty certain that he would do nothing to remind people of the one that he caused."

My uncle did not answer just at once. "I have done my best to consider the whole question dispassionately," he said at length, "and I have never been able to think that it would be at all possible for Harry to recover his position. It is not likely that you and I shall ever talk again as we are doing now, and while we are about it, it is as well to say all. I have always felt that, if I had understood the lad better, I could have averted this terrible misfortune, and I don't desire to lessen my share of the responsibility; but it would be absurd to blink the fact that my errors of judgment will not account for everything. I have only too good reason to know that he is by nature cowardly, deceitful, and unprincipled. Theoretically one is bound to believe that it is never too late to mend; but all experience shows that there are certain natures—characters—whatever you like to call them—which never do mend, and I believe that his is one of them. When the crash came he was not ashamed; only frightened to death. He went away hardly concealing his satisfaction at having got off so cheaply. Since then he has made no sort of effort to retrieve himself. I know where he is now, and I know, more or less accurately, the kind of life that he is leading. I believe his case to be an absolutely hopeless one. Nevertheless, I will not say decidedly that he shall not be my heir. Of course I have made my will, and if I were to drop down dead to-morrow you would inherit everything, except a sum sufficient to produce the interest upon which Harry is now living, and which I have left in the hands of trustees for his use. But it is within the bounds of possibility that I may alter my will, and for that you must be prepared. There is just the shadow of a shade of hope that Harry might distinguish himself in some public manner, so as to wipe out in a measure his past disgrace. That is a very forlorn hope, still it must be taken into account. There is another hope, scarcely less forlorn, and that is that he might marry (though I can not imagine that any lady would marry him), and that he might have children. In such a case it would be a question whether I should be justified in shutting out my grandson from the estate. Now, Charley, you see how the matter stands; you see that, so far as you are concerned, you will have to shape your course so as to meet possible chances rather than probabilities; and you also see, I hope, that the less the miserable business is referred to between us in future the better."

I signified my assent, and a long interval of silence followed. "I can't help feeling sorry for the poor beggar," I said at last.

"It is not forbidden to you to be sorry for him," answered my uncle, a little coldly. I was almost angry with him for the moment; but when I looked at his poor old sad face, as he sat patiently there by the fireside, my irritation turned to pity, and I could not resist the impulse to get up and lay my hand on his shoulder.

"I'm awfully sorry for you too," I said.

He jumped up and began poking the fire. "Oh, well, thank you, Charley," he answered, briskly; "but you see I have grown accustomed to it; and there are plenty of enjoyments in life, after all. Life is not all tragedy, fortunately, and we couldn't make it so even if we would." He turned round, with that faint smile of his playing about the corners of his mouth and eyes. "Perhaps," he said, "you are not likely to fall into the error of taking too tragic a view of life." And then: "By-the-way, the Rector tells me that Oxford is going to turn out the weakest crew this year that ever disgraced the University. I trust that is a calumny."

I replied that the Rector obviously did not know what he was talking about, and showed how impossible it was that he, or any one else, could be in a position to judge a crew which had not yet been formed; but although we discussed the subject with much gravity for the next five minutes I was unable to rouse myself to that degree of interest in it which it merited, and when my uncle observed that I was sleepy, and had better go to bed, I did not contradict him, unfounded as the assertion was.

He spoke a few last words as he bade me good-night. "Now, we have had our talk, and it is all over. We may have to refer to it again some day, but it is much more probable that we shall never be compelled to do so. You are startled and a little puzzled just now, but that will pass. You won't forget it, I hope; you will soon cease to think about it, I know. And that is just what I should wish."

CHAPTER IX.

MY UNCLE IS DISAPPOINTED IN ME.

I was not altogether pleased with my uncle's quiet conviction that I should soon cease to think about the skeleton in the family cupboard which had been so tardily dragged forth from its hiding-place for my inspection; but the event proved him to be right in this, as I am bound to say that he was in most things. I did not think then, and don't think now, that he was right in having kept me all those years in the dark. As to whether he had been right in his treatment of his son, that is a point upon which I have never yet been able to make up my mind, and at this time of day it is hardly likely that I ever shall.

One judge, whose summings up, if somewhat difficult to forecast, were always decisive, and who was seldom disposed to indorse any act or deed of Mr. Le Marchant's with the stamp of her approval, was upon this occasion openly, not to say triumphantly, on his side.

"I have been delighted to hear," said Mrs. Farquhar, accosting me the next morning with a good deal of affectionate warmth, "that your uncle Bernard has at last made up his mind to do the right thing. It is what we should all be thankful for; for he is overgiven to vacillation, poor man, and just a wee bit obstinate besides, between ourselves. But all's well that ends well. Better a finger off than aye wagging, as we say in Scotland; he'll be easier in his mind now that he has chosen his heir, and knows who will come after him. And indeed I think he might have made a worse choice," the old lady added, nodding at me, and patting me on the back in an exceedingly flattering manner.

I thanked her, but pointed out that the finger alluded to in her graceful figure of speech could hardly yet be considered as having ceased to wag. My uncle, I said, had done nothing more than take me into his confidence; he had formed no final decision as to the disposal of his property, and had expressly warned me that he did not contemplate forming any. But Mrs. Farquhar listened to this disclaimer with a smile of amiable derision.

"Oh, ay; he would say that," she answered; and it was evident that she was in no mood to grudge unimportant concessions to a character feebler than her own. "It's just Bernard's way to make a show of leaving things open, and to pretend he can step out through the window after the door is locked behind him; but I'm not afraid of his breaking his neck in any such foolish fashion. Depend upon it, he would never have spoken to you about the matter at all if he had not known very well that there was only one course open to him. I believe he has really made his will, too?" There was an interrogative inflection in these last words.

"He can make another to-morrow," I observed.

"But he won't," Mrs. Farquhar replied, confidently. "He'll not do that; you may take my word for it. When duty and inclination pull the same way, it must be a very perverse man that would hold back." She added, presently, with a laugh, "I should know something of the way Bernard's inclinations pull him; haven't I been doing my best to get him to disinherit you for the last ten years and more? And all in vain!"

There was nothing surprising in Mrs. Farquhar's inclination and sense of duty (which always pulled harmoniously together) having drawn her in one direction for ten years, and then whisked round and hurried her in the opposite one at the end of them; but I was curious to know the cause of her inconsistency in the present case; so I put the question to her point-blank. She sighed and shook her head, saying that it was a long story, and that she would rather not go into it, now that it was all over; immediately after which she proceeded to relate it to me in all its length.

Mrs. Farquhar, it appeared, had from the first taken a much more lenient view of Harry's offense than his father had done. Cheating at cards was very wrong, of course; but it was evident that in her eyes this form of iniquity was not a great deal worse than many others into which young men are liable to fall, and that the punishment which had overtaken the culprit struck her as out of all proportion to his sin. She had therefore labored for many years to bring about the reconciliation which Christian duty, natural affection, and regard for the perpetuation of the family name had alike seemed to demand. She had corresponded with Harry pretty regularly; she had even seen him once or twice; she had always exhorted him to keep a good heart and bide his time; and if her efforts had been unsuccessful, it was because she had had to contend not only against my uncle's passive obstinacy, but against the active opposition of Mr. Farquhar, who, she allowed me to infer, had been a man of limited intelligence and uncertain temper.

"But I would never have let that discourage me," she declared; and I quite believed her. No! it was neither difficulty nor weariness that had caused her to swerve from her purpose, but the conviction, slowly and unwillingly admitted, that Harry was not one who could be safely trusted to maintain the credit of the Le Marchants. "I'm afraid he's just a ne'er-do-weel," she sighed, speaking sadly, yet with an undercurrent of resignation, which was almost satisfaction, in her tone—"a ne'er-do-weel and—and a spendthrift. I should tell you that I have supplied him with funds from time to time, not knowing how large an allowance your uncle has been in the habit of making him, for he entirely deceived me as to that. And he has never done any work, or tried to do any. For some time past I have felt that I must give him up, and lately I have heard worse things of him. They say"—here Mrs. Farquhar lowered her voice to an awe-struck whisper—"they say he is—eh! well—given to his bottle."

This announcement did not shock me so much as she apparently expected that it would do. That a proscribed man, with no occupation, should take to drinking, was not very strange; nor could I see why one who had sunk so low as my luckless cousin had done should be abandoned as irreclaimable on account of one additional vice. But it was hardly likely that my theory of morals should accord with Mrs. Farquhar's, and it did not seem worth while to interrupt her. She went on to say that, after seeing me, she had come to the conclusion that—whether by good luck or good judgment she would not take upon her to determine—Bernard had made a happy hit in adopting me, and that she believed it to be the will of Heaven that I should occupy the place which Harry had forfeited.

I saw no reason to doubt the sincerity of Mrs. Farquhar's conversion. Without vanity, I certainly did consider myself entitled to a rather larger share of respect than my uncle's natural heir could lay claim to, and I also thought it highly probable that my personal fascinations had had their effect upon this appreciative old lady. What I did not quite understand at that time was her intense dread of riotous living in a pecuniary sense. It was, I believe, by no means her partiality for me, but her recent discovery that the man whom she had supposed to be an out-at-elbows pauper was really in receipt of a sufficient income, that had scared her, and led her to desert his cause. She was anything but an avaricious woman—indeed, she could be extremely generous upon occasion—but she loved order and economy, and would never have forgiven herself if she had been the means of handing over the Thirlby acres to a proprietor who would probably sell or mortgage them.

I did not get much more information about Harry out of her. She had ceased to answer his letters, she told me; she did not know where he was then, nor, for that matter, where he was likely to be at any given time. She knew that he was sometimes in London, because she had more than once met him there by appointment; but his usual custom was to wander about in foreign countries, "living by his wits, I fear," she said, with another sigh.

For a day or two my mind was almost exclusively occupied with Harry's fortunes and misfortunes; but as he was not again spoken of by any of those about me, and as I presently returned to Oxford, where I found numerous matters of importance to attend to, my uncle's prophecy was ere long fulfilled to the letter, and although I did not forget what I had been told, I ceased to think about it.

I can't look back on that period of my career exactly with pride; yet those were merry days, and, all things considered, I am not so much ashamed of the way in which I spent them as I perhaps ought to be. I was lazy and rather extravagant, but, except in these trifling particulars, I believe I did no great harm to myself or my neighbors. I was not selected to form one of the University eight; and at this distance of time I may say, what I could not have admitted then, that my exclusion was both a surprise and a disappointment to me. Being thus debarred from a safe outlet for superfluous energy, I fell back upon other forms of diversion, and devoted my time to playing the fool very noisily and enjoyably in company with sundry young gentlemen, who are now old gentlemen, and whom respect for gray hairs and honorable position forbids me to mention by name. I wonder whether Archdeacon Blank (so to call him) remembers that Easter vacation that we spent together, the incidents of which, as related on many subsequent occasions by one of us—I won't say which one—added so greatly to our joint renown?

I say that the future Archdeacon—who was a sad dog in those days, and liked to be told that he was so—persuaded me to pass that Easter vacation in his company, I having determined not to go home—for reasons. The truth was that I had promised to get Maud a dog, and, after due and anxious search, I bought that dog—as well bred a broken-haired terrier and as good a ratter as I ever saw in my life—and paid five pounds for him; and what better excuse for writing to her could I have than to tell her of the acquisition that I had made, and to dwell a little upon his noble qualities? Well, I got a most unpleasant snub for my pains. She did not even deign to answer my letter; but I received an illegible scrawl from the Rector, who informed me that he wrote in great haste (never did I know the Rector write otherwise than in great haste) to say that Maud was very much obliged for the trouble I had taken, but that really they had too many dogs about the place as it was, and that, upon the whole, she must ask me, with many thanks, to keep my new purchase for my own amusement. The Rector added, on his own score, that he hoped I didn't encourage the little beggar to worry cats—a cruel practice, and one which he understood was coming far too much into favor with young fellows. Not, mind you, that he had anything to say against a charge of shot upon occasion. Such a method of getting rid of a poaching beast of a tabby was merciful and necessary; but, etc., etc.

I hadn't the patience to finish his letter. I was very angry indeed, and my feelings were so deeply wounded that I resolved to punish Miss Dennison and myself by not showing my face in Thirlby before the summer. So Blank and I went off together in a high dog-cart, and we drove through several counties; and the games that we carried on and the scrapes that we got into and out of it would ill become me to dwell upon, since it seems that my former companion wishes all memory of them to be buried in oblivion.

George Warren, who at this time was reading hard for his degree, and had little leisure for desultory conversation, must have been bored almost beyond endurance by the love-sick Jeremiads which I inflicted upon him occasionally when under the influence of an access of low spirits. But he always listened to me patiently, and said what he could, in his quiet, sensible way, to console me. From all that he had observed he was inclined to think that Maud was favorably disposed toward me, and that the incident of her refusal of the terrier was one to which too much importance should not be attached. Nevertheless, it was his opinion—an opinion expressed with a good deal of proper diffidence—that Miss Dennison was not the girl to engage herself to any man until he had done something to prove himself worthy of her. To be a good judge of a dog was all very well, but it was not exactly the sort of gift which would be likely to earn for its possessor a distinguished career. "And you see, Charley, Miss Dennison—as far as I can judge—is just one of those ladies who would wish her husband to be a distinguished man."

I assured George that he knew nothing about women, and he at once admitted his ignorance; but I felt that there was something to be said for his view, and that at all events it would be desirable that Maud's future husband should be in a position to earn his bread, whether with or without distinction. George, who had a conviction, which I partly shared, that I could do anything that I really desired to do, suggested that I might make a beginning by reading for honors; but this method of achieving fame found little favor in my eyes. I was getting rather tired of Oxford, which I had never liked half as well as Eton, and I was eager to get out into the world and have done with preliminaries.

It was while I was in this disposition of mind that I received a letter from my uncle which excited and elated me considerably. "My bro-

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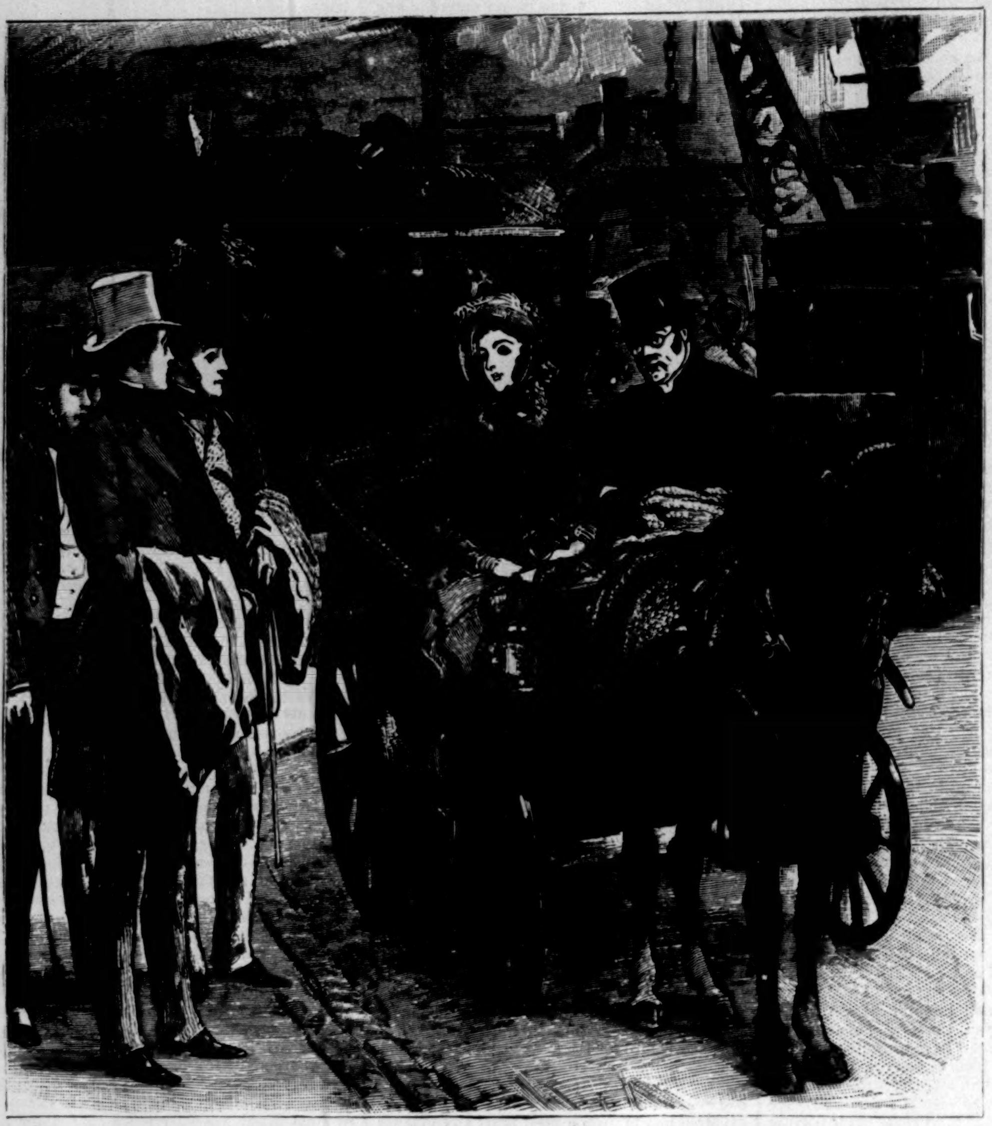
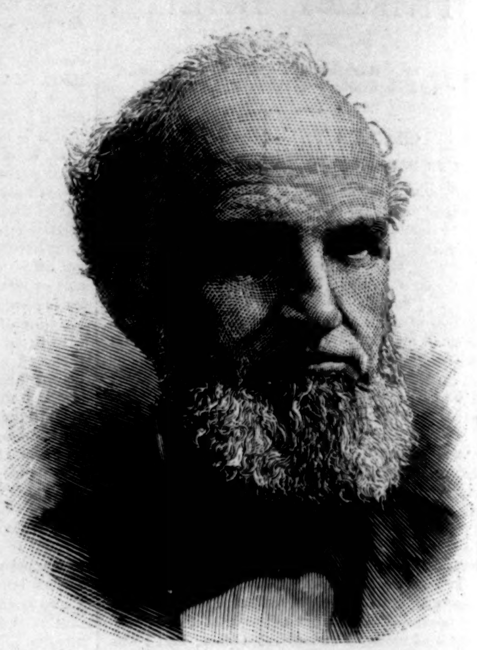
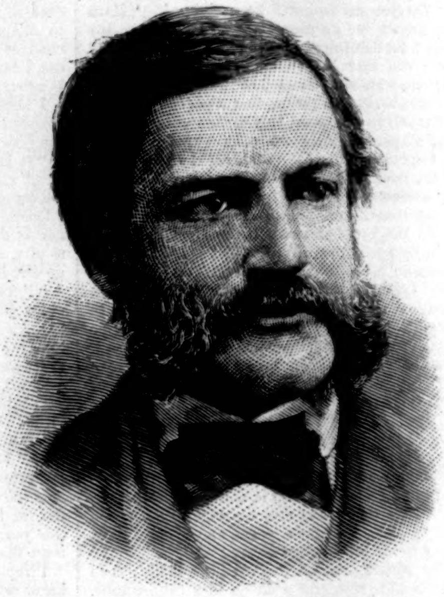
[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.



"WHEN WE HAD PASSED OUT OF THE STATION, THERE WAS MAUD HERSELF, SITTING IN THE PONY-CARRIAGE."



THE HON. AUSTIN F. PIKE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. G. C. KIMBALL.—[SEE PAGE 506.]



SETH H. GRANT.—PHOT. BY BOGARDUS.—[SEE PAGE 510.]

ther Tom," he wrote, "has been interesting himself on your behalf, and I have just heard from him that he has succeeded in getting your name on Lord ——'s list for the diplomatic service. He fancies—and I am disposed to agree with him—that this profession would suit you as well as another; possibly better than most. Write and tell me what you think of it. Diplomacy, as I dare say you know, brings no grist to the mill; but perhaps, under all the circumstances, we need not consider that an insuperable objection. If you decide upon adopting it, you will have to set to work upon certain special subjects without delay; for Tom tells me that the list is an unusually short one. I am not sure whether it might ~~not~~ be better for you to leave the University without taking your degree; but this and other matters can stand over until we meet."

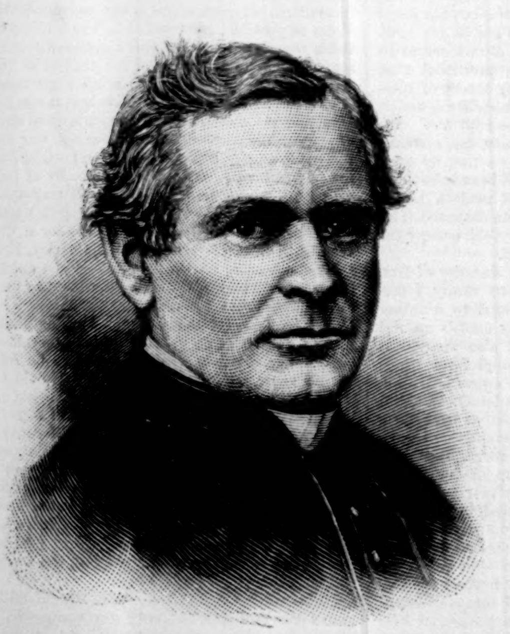
Nothing could have chimed in more harmoniously with my inclinations. In these days of democracy and telegrams and penny newspapers diplomacy has lost much of its prestige, and doubtless also something of its power; but thirty years or so ago it was more respectfully thought of. Echoes of the fame of some great professors of that art still lingered in the air; a few were living, and enjoyed a European celebrity; and although among these was no Englishman—or, at best, only one—there seemed no reason at all why the credit of the nation should not be retrieved by a young and brilliant addition to its staff of representatives abroad; while it was obvious that an Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary would be a sufficiently distinguished personage to satisfy Miss Dennison's ambitious desires. "Perhaps a recruit Might chance to shoot Great General Boneyparty," I remarked to George Warren, who, in his dull, unimaginative way, had pointed out to me that ambassadors are commonly elderly men, and are not invariably selected from the ranks of the service which they adorn.

A few weeks after this George and I went down to Norfolk together. George had taken his degree—a second—and was in a mood of temperate triumph; but I, who was taking no sheaves home with me, except, indeed, a sheaf of unpaid bills, was in far higher spirits than he. George, poor fellow, was going to be a lawyer—to labor and grind in dusty chambers and fusty law courts through long years, and perhaps earn a mere pittance at the end of all; whereas I was going to be a gay *attaché*, to see the world in the pleasantest acceptation of that term, and to take my place by right in the innermost circles of its society. The difference between us was enormous; and he admitted without question the superior brilliancy of my destiny. I don't think it ever occurred to modest old George to doubt my superiority, even intellectually; and when a little deputation, composed of the Rector and some other neighbors, met us at the station, and greeted him with effusive congratulations and hand-shakings, he stared and stammered and looked appealingly at me, as if he thought—which no doubt he did—that they had got hold of the wrong man.

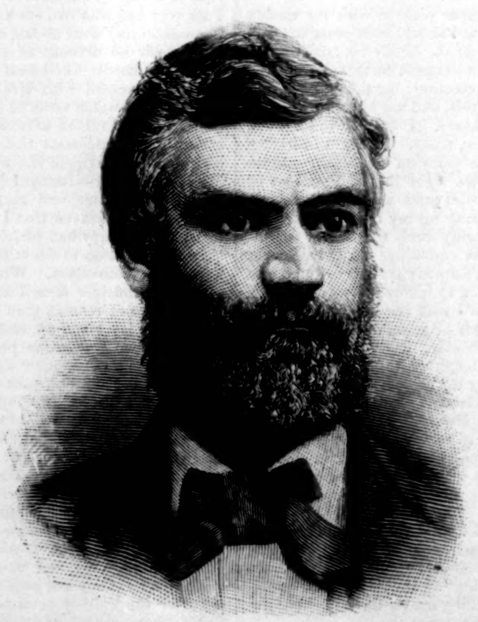
I did not grudge George his honors, academical or other; nor did I mind the Rector's looking over his shoulder to call out, "Now, Charley, my boy, you do as much—do as much, if you can!" which was the only greeting that he vouchsafed to me. It was not the Rector's applause that I coveted; and what, after all, was a second?—a distinction of which it was more than likely that Maud did not understand the meaning. And this suspicion of mine received speedy confirmation; for, when we had passed out of the station to the road, there was Maud herself, sitting in the pony-carriage, waiting for her father, and almost the first thing that she said to me was:

"What is it all about? I suppose George has done something wonderful; but an ignorant person would hardly guess it. If there are seconds, there must be firsts, and surely it is rather a poor compliment to a man to make such a fuss over him because he has finished behind a whole class of others. It is as much as to say, 'Who would have thought of your getting placed at all!' Now it would never have struck me, for instance, that I ought to congratulate you upon having nearly, but not quite, got into the University eight." And with that unkind and uncalled-for allusion she drove away.

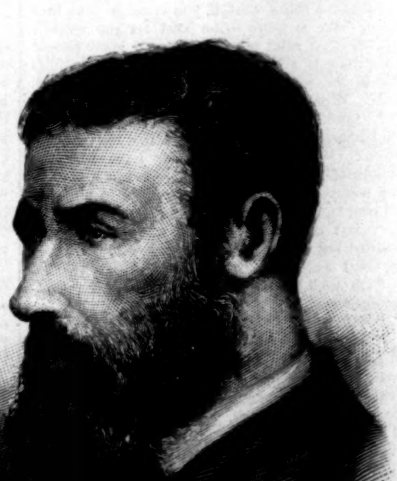
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



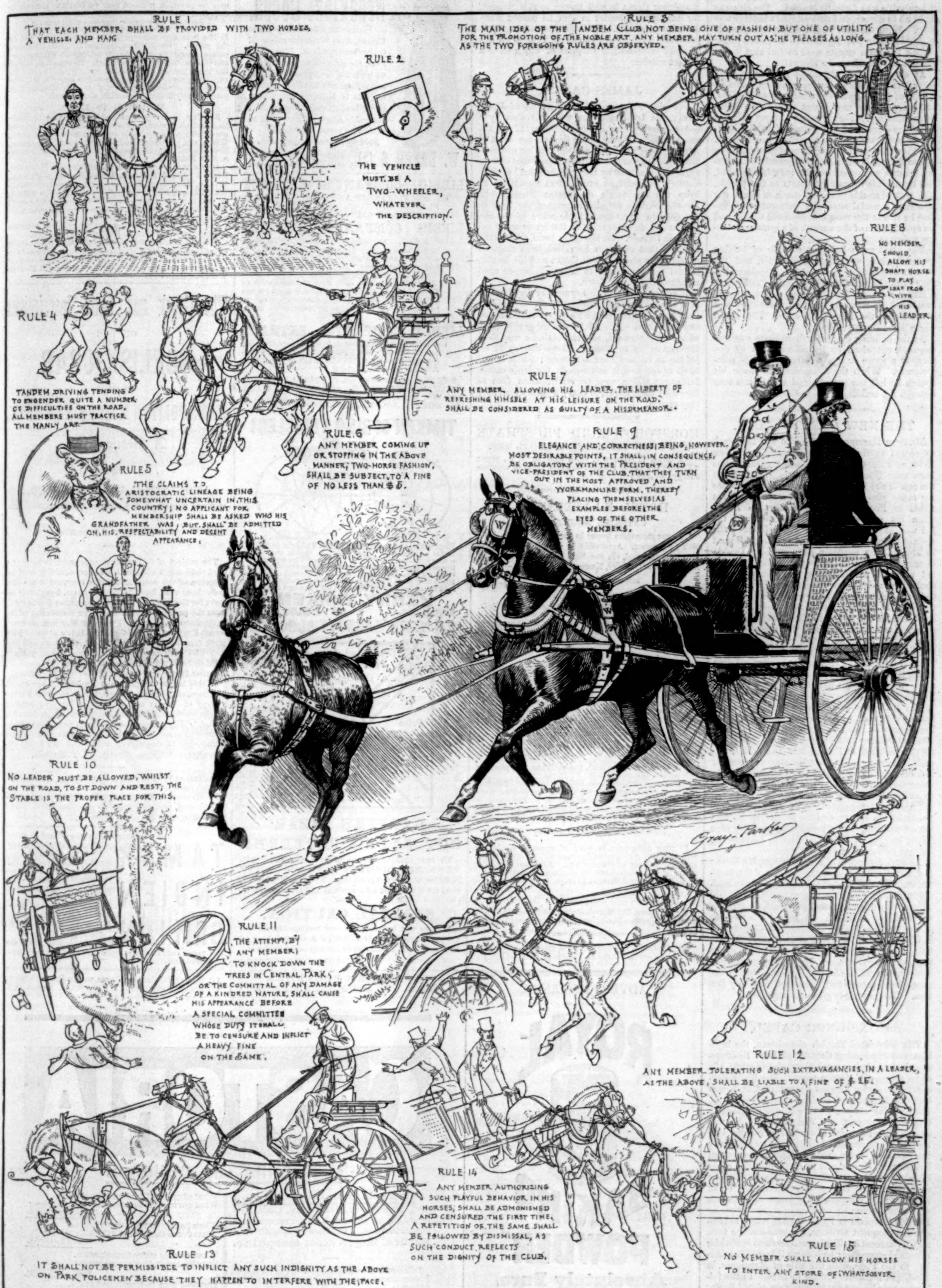
MONSIGNOR CAPEL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 510.]



ROBERT B. BEATH.—PHOT. BY PAULLIN.—[SEE PAGE 506.]



JAMES CAREY.—SKETCHED FROM LIFE.—[SEE PAGE 510.]


RULE 1
THAT EACH MEMBER SHALL BE PROVIDED WITH TWO HORSES, A VEHICLE, AND MAN.
RULE 2
THE VEHICLE MUST BE A TWO-WHEELER, WHATEVER THE DESCRIPTION.
RULE 3
THE MAIN IDEA OF THE TANDEM CLUB NOT BEING ONE OF FASHION BUT ONE OF UTILITY FOR THE PROMOTION OF THE NOBLE ART, ANY MEMBER MAY TURN OUT AS HE PLEASES AS LONG AS THE TWO FOREGOING RULES ARE OBSERVED.
RULE 4
TANDEM DRIVING TENDING TO ENGENDER QUITE A NUMBER OF DIFFICULTIES ON THE ROAD, ALL MEMBERS MUST PRACTICE THE MANLY ART.
RULE 5
THE CLAIMS TO ARISTOCRATIC LINEAGE BEING SOMEWHAT UNCERTAIN IN THIS COUNTRY; NO APPLICANT FOR MEMBERSHIP SHALL BE ASKED WHO HIS GRANDFATHER WAS, BUT SHALL BE ADMITTED ON HIS RESPECTABILITY AND DECENT APPEARANCE.
RULE 6
ANY MEMBER COMING UP OR STOPPING IN THE ABOVE MANNER, TWO-HORSE FASHION, SHALL BE SUBJECT TO A FINE OF NO LESS THAN $5.
RULE 7
ANY MEMBER ALLOWING HIS LEADER THE LIBERTY OF REFRESHING HIMSELF AT HIS LEISURE ON THE ROAD, SHALL BE CONSIDERED AS GUILTY OF A MISDEMEANOR.
RULE 8
NO MEMBER SHOULD ALLOW HIS SHAFT HORSE TO PLAY LEAP FROG WITH HIS LEADER.
RULE 9
ELEGANCE AND CORRECTNESS BEING, HOWEVER, MOST DESIRABLE POINTS, IT SHALL, IN CONSEQUENCE, BE OBLIGATORY WITH THE PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CLUB THAT THEY TURN OUT IN THE MOST APPROVED AND WORKMANLIKE FORM, THEREBY PLACING THEMSELVES AS EXAMPLES BEFORE THE EYES OF THE OTHER MEMBERS.
RULE 10
NO LEADER MUST BE ALLOWED, WHILST ON THE ROAD, TO SIT DOWN AND REST; THE STABLE IS THE PROPER PLACE FOR THIS.
RULE 11
THE ATTEMPT, BY ANY MEMBER, TO KNOCK DOWN THE TREES IN CENTRAL PARK, OR THE COMMITTAL OF ANY DAMAGE OF A KINDRED NATURE, SHALL CAUSE HIS APPEARANCE BEFORE A SPECIAL COMMITTEE WHOSE DUTY IT SHALL BE TO CENSURE AND INFLICT A HEAVY FINE ON THE SAME.
RULE 12
ANY MEMBER TOLERATING SUCH EXTRAVAGANCIES IN A LEADER, AS THE ABOVE, SHALL BE LIABLE TO A FINE OF $25.
RULE 13
IT SHALL NOT BE PERMISSIBLE TO INFLICT ANY SUCH INDIGNITY AS THE ABOVE ON PARK POLICEMEN BECAUSE THEY HAPPEN TO INTERFERE WITH THE PACE.
RULE 14
ANY MEMBER AUTHORIZING SUCH PLAYFUL BEHAVIOR IN HIS HORSES, SHALL BE ADMONISHED AND CENSURED THE FIRST TIME. A REPETITION OF THE SAME SHALL BE FOLLOWED BY DISMISSAL, AS SUCH CONDUCT REFLECTS ON THE DIGNITY OF THE CLUB.
RULE 15
NO MEMBER SHALL ALLOW HIS HORSES TO ENTER ANY STORE OF WHATSOEVER KIND.
Gray-Parker

THE NEW RULES OF THE TANDEM CLUB.—Drawn by Gray-Parker.

THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION.

On the 1st inst. the great Southern Exposition at Louisville was formally opened. The city was given up to gayety, and no business whatever was done. With the first streak of daylight crowds of people began pouring into the city, and by nine o'clock the main streets were so full that it was difficult to pass along the sidewalks.

At eleven o'clock President Arthur and his party left the hotel in carriages, accompanied by a body of police and local military organizations, and moved by the most direct route to the Exposition Building. They received a warm welcome the entire distance, the thousands of people shouting themselves hoarse as the visitors passed them. The President was kept continuously bowing from side to side of his carriage. Frequently the cheering became so intense that he rose, hat in hand, and bowed his acknowledgments to the people, who seemed unable to see too much of him. His face bore a genial smile that indicated the pleasure he felt in the reception tendered to him, and his appreciation of the warmth of a genuine Southern welcome.

The great main building, capable of holding 20,000 people, was filled completely, and the crowd was too thick for comfort. President Dupont of the Exposition welcomed the President in a fitting speech. The President responded, and concluded by starting the vast machinery and pronouncing the Exposition open. The crowd was wild with enthusiasm.

At the building every Southern State was represented, not alone by its citizens, but by displays in a more or less advanced state of completeness. When the President had made his speech he left the grand stand and took a tour through the building.

THE NEW COMPTROLLER.

Mr. Seth Hastings Grant, who was last week appointed to the office of Comptroller of New York, as successor to Mr. Allan Campbell, was born near Utica, in this State, in 1828. He is the son of the late Asahel Grant, M.D., who was for many years a missionary to the Nestorian tribes in Persia. Dr. Grant went to Persia when his son was seven years old, and the lad was sent with a colony which founded the town of Galesburg, Illinois. A year later he went to study in an academy at Waterville, Oneida County, New York. Four years afterward the lad returned to Galesburg, and although only twelve years old, he was offered a place as teacher in the school there. The offer was declined.

When Dr. Grant returned to America, in 1840, he placed his son in the Phillips Academy at Andover, Massachusetts, where he remained one year. Then he came to this city, and took up his home with the family of Professor John Torrey. Dr. Grant returned to Persia, and then young Grant entered Princeton College. After three years' study his health broke down, and he had to leave college. He became a clerk for Wiley & Putnam, publishers, where he remained three years, and was then chosen Librarian of the Mercantile Library.

After holding this office seventeen years, Mr. Grant resigned, and went into the real estate and brokerage business. He was engaged by Mr. Franklin Edson, who was Chairman of the Committee on By-laws of the Produce Exchange, to codify the by-laws of the Exchange. The Exchange was reorganized under the by-laws prepared by Mr. Grant, and he was made its first Superintendent. This position he filled for nine years, leaving on January 1 last to become the Private Secretary of Mayor Edson.

As Superintendent of the Exchange, Mr. Grant prepared the annual statistical reports of that institution. He also kept the deposits of all the dealers in "futures," amounting to over $50,000,000 a year. In these accounts, it is said, no error of any kind ever occurred. Mr. Grant is a member of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, and is Chairman of its Board of Deacons. He has been Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, and Vice-President of the American Bible Society. In politics he is a Democrat, but he has never been prominently identified with any faction. His portrait is given on page 508.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL.

The celebrated English churchman, the brilliant and fascinating Catesby of Lord Beaconsfield's *Lothair*, has reached our shores again, after an absence of sixteen years. The Right Reverend Monsignor Thomas John Capel, D.D., was born in England, of Irish parents, October 28, 1836. After six years' study he was ordained by Cardinal Wiseman. In January, 1864, he was named Vice-Principal of St. Mary's Normal College at Hammersmith, of which he was virtually the founder. From this time forward he devoted his energies and talents to furthering the cause of education by establishing a Roman Catholic university. His labors were interrupted by ill health, which compelled a sojourn in the south of France, where he officiated for some time as English Chaplain at Pau. On his return to London his eloquent sermons, his consummate tact, and his success in effecting conversions made him a marked character; he became Private Chamberlain to the Pope, with the title of Monsignor, in 1868, and Domestic Prelate in 1873. In the following year he was unanimously appointed Rector of the College of Higher Studies, of Kensington. This institution had been erected by the sole energy of Monsignor Capel; the plan had been a favorite one of Cardinal Wiseman, but had not found favor in the sight of his successor, the present Archbishop of Westminster. Capel, in his zeal and confidence, took on himself heavy financial obligations, which, when the evil day came, he could only get rid of by going into the Court of Bankruptcy. Monsignor Capel has not written much, his chief work being *A Reply to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone's Political Expostulation.* Monsignor Capel is well known to this country, for during his ministry in Pau he gained many American converts. His object in visiting us at present is to deliver a course of lectures on one of those ecclesiastical subjects of which he is a perfect master.

JAMES CAREY.

We give on page 508 the portrait of James Carey, the Irish informer, who was shot by a fellow-countryman named O'Donnell, on the steamer *Melrose*, near Algoa Bay, on the coast of Africa. The accounts of the murder are conflicting. On one hand it is surmised that O'Donnell was sent out by the "Invincibles" to take Carey's life, and as every effort was made to keep the informer's destination from public knowledge, this surmise impresses the English people with an uncomfortable sense of the discipline and determination of the secret order existing in Ireland. On the other hand, O'Donnell declares that although he sailed from England in the same steamer with Carey and his family, he did not know him to be the informer until after reaching Cape Town.

It is impossible to feel sympathy for the fate of a cruel, mercenary, and cowardly wretch like Carey. He planned the Phœnix Park murders, and saw them executed by the miserable tools whom he afterward, to save his own worthless neck, gave up to justice. There was great rejoicing in Ireland over his death; but it is difficult to see how it can benefit the Irish cause. Informers will always be ready, when face to face with the gallows, to brave a peril which they may escape.

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Dr. Chas. T. Mitchell, Canandaigua, N. Y., says: "I think it a grand restorer of brain force or nervous energy."—[*Adv.*]

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SUMMER TOURS.

The Eastern Railroad pamphlet, giving Time-tables, Maps, Hotel-lists, and tours covering the White Mountains, the State of Maine, the Maritime Provinces, and all the Shore, Mountain, and Lake resorts east of Boston will be mailed free to any address on application to Lucius Tuttle, Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston, Mass.—[*Adv.*]

STARIN'S GLEN ISLAND.

"It is as near fairyland, probably, as any place in this part of the world."—*N. Y. Times.*

"The odor of new-mown hay, the perfume of countless roses, the soft breeze, the trim lawns, and the well-kept paths appeal to the visitors.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Steamers leave Pier 18, North River, and Foot of 33d St., East River, and Jewell's Wharf, Brooklyn.—[*Adv.*]

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wine-glass of Angostura Bitters half an hour before dinner. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

C. C. Shayne, Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., N. Y., sends Fur Fashion Book free. Send your address.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Fenner's St. Vitus Dance Specific.—One bottle always cures. Circular, Fredonia, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

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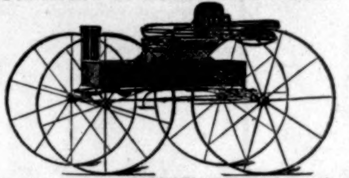

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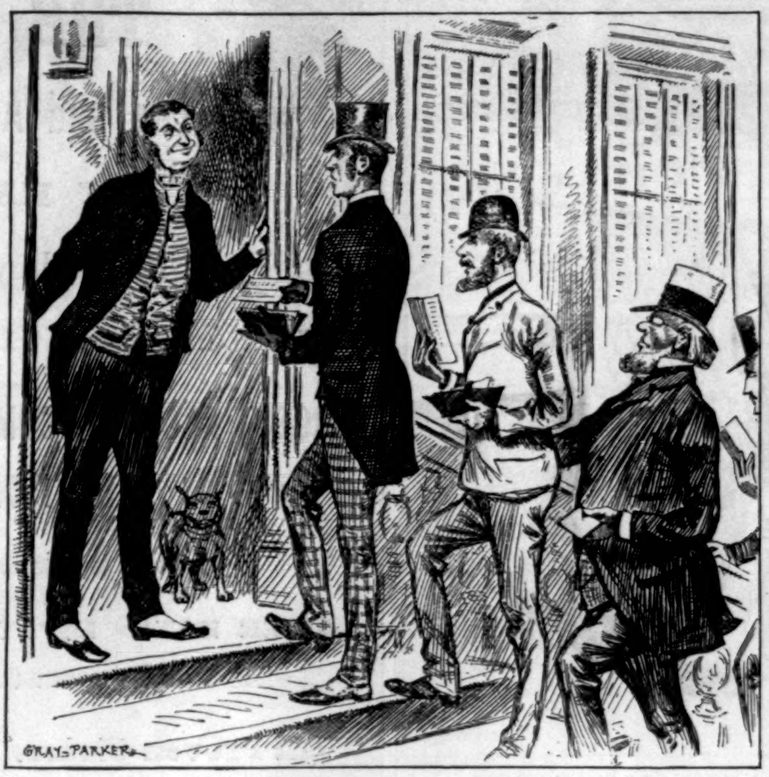

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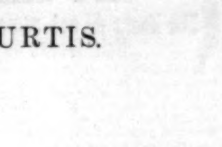

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